

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

A N O V E L.

FOUNDED ON

The FRENCH REVOLUTION.

In TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

"ORDER is Heaven's first law; and this confess,
"Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
"More rich; more wise; but who infers from
hence
"That such are happier, shocks all common
sense."

Pope's Essay on Man.

P L Y M O U T H :

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May 28, 1932

(2 vols)

LADY ELLIOT

WITH

THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT

AND

SINCERE GRATITUDE

THIS NOVEL

IS HUMBL Y

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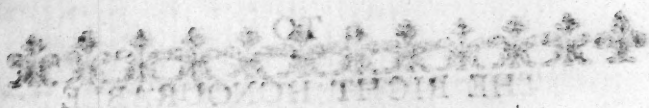
and sincere gratitude

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY ELIOT,
WITH
THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT,
AND

SINCERE GRATITUDE,
THIS NOVEL
IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY
HER LADYSHIP'S
MOST DUTIFUL,
AND
MOST OBEDIENT,
HUMBLE SERVANT,
ANN THOMAS.



LADY ELIZABETH
P. R. E. T. A. C. E.
WITH

AMONG the most distinguished
A. which are added on the
Public Libraries of the
to their respective
that I have given notice to help
the Cambridge University
Judiciously chosen by me to be
the Hon. and Lady's following
pages; and while I approach the
Public Eye with confidence and awe,
I humbly request that favourable
allowance may be granted for the
Details which will be found in this
humble Performance.

ANN T. THOMAS.

Grateful of giving Office, I am
rejoiced



P R E F A C E.

AMONG the many Publications which are obtruded on the Public, I venture to offer this Trifle to their Acceptance.—I am aware that I have every Reason to bespeak the Candour and Good-nature of the judicious Reader who may do me the Honour to peruse the following Pages; and while I approach the public Eye with Diffidence and Awe, I humbly request that favourable Allowances may be made for the Defects which will be found in this humble Performance.

Fearful of giving Offence, I am
restrained

P R E F A C E.

restrained from obeying the Dictates of Gratitude; yet I trust I may be allowed to acknowledge, that from the noblest Motives of Generosity and Benevolence I have received Encouragement and Protection far beyond all I could merit or ever hope.

To you, Gentlemen, who direct the Pen of Criticism, I beg Leave to address myself.—To your Opinions I have always paid the utmost Deference and Respect; and it is with Pleasure that I have often observed your generous Allowances for the Errors of a female Pen, especially when no Injury has been offered to the sacred Cause of Virtue. Besides, I am convinced that liberal Minds take a Pleasure in alleviating the Misfortunes of others.

If

P R E F A C E.

If an Apology be necessary for the political Part of the Novel, permit me to declare, that I could not lose the Opportunity of expressing my Gratitude for that Protection which every Individual enjoys under the BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

I have freely expressed my sincere Sentiments. They are unalterable; and I have now only to hope that these Sentiments may meet with your's and the Public's Approbation.

PREFACE

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ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LETTER I.

MONSIEUR DE BIRON

TO

ALEXANDER BRUCE, ESQ.

I Thank you, my dear Friend, for your kind Invitation, and hope you will make my grateful Acknowledgements to the brave and worthy Captain M——, for the very good Opinion he is pleased to entertain of your Adolphus. Strong as his Prejudices are against the Gallic Nation, he relaxes a great deal of his Severity in my Favour. Happy, thrice happy should I think myself, were it possible for me to

Vol. I.

B

re-viſit

re-visit his kind and hospitable Abode.— Prudential Reasons forbid me at present to make any Part of Great-Britain the Place of my Residence. My sincere and warm Attachment to that Seat of Liberty is well known, and easily accounted for.— The Virtues of my ever-dear and lamented Mother would have claimed my Veneration for the Country, from which she drew her Existence, had I never seen it: But I have both seen that Queen of Islands, and imbibed that just Love of Liberty, for which her Sons are so deservedly famed.

On the Death of my Father, my Mother judged it proper to reside in England, where I received the greatest Part of my Education: And I shall ever esteem it a very fortunate Circumstance for myself, that we were obliged to make frequent Excursions into Scotland, as much of my Mother's Affairs lay in that Country.—I again repeat, I shall ever esteem it fortunate, since it introduced me to your worthy
Family,

Family, and gave me in you, my dear Bruce, the inestimable Treasure of a Friend.—Ah! little did I expect, when I parted from you, to behold a Revolution so sudden and wonderful, that the Annals of History will scarce afford a Precedent.

On my last Visit to France, I beheld a Monarch in the Plenitude of Power, a Court brilliant and magnificent, and a People as volatile and gay as ever. However the Seeds were then sown, which have since that Time sprung up to such an amazing Height, and are still branching forth into infinite Variety. Shocking have been the Spectacles of Horror already exhibited; and, O Bruce, I have the most melancholy Apprehensions for the future Fate of France!—The Danger of Innovation is fully exemplified in History. The now happy and respected Country of Great-Britain stands upon Record, as having experienced all the Miseries which attend civil Commotions.—That unfortunate

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Monarch, Charles the First of England, was allowed even by his Enemies to possess many amiable Qualities.—When he took the ill-judged Measure of extending the Royal Prerogative beyond those constitutional Limits, which had not before that Period been defined, but which have since been marked out with Precision, many, who opposed him at first from patriotic Motives, were far from expecting that Matters would have been carried to such criminal Lengths. And I make not the least Doubt, that many felt Remorse, when they beheld the Consequences. They saw too late their unhappy Country deluged with human Blood, and groaning under the despotic Yoke of a hypocritical Usurper.—Ignorance and Fanaticism prevailed throughout the Kingdom.

From all those Evils was Great Britain delivered, by the happy Restoration of her King, and the Re-establishment of Order and Government. Grown wise by Experience,

perience, and sensible of the Interposition of Providence, that Island enjoys a State of Peace and Tranquility unknown to almost every other Country in Europe. Now, my Friend, give me Leave to consider the Causes which have concurred to bring France into her present Situation. The pernicious Opinions of Voltaire have been gradually diffused through all Ranks of Men. That deistical Philosopher eradicated the Religion of his Country, and planted nothing in the Room of it, but the rankest Scepticism. It is a melancholy Truth, that we have been for many Years little better than a Nation of Infidels.— This was the remote Cause of our present Misery. Our Interference in the American War poisoned our Loyalty, and taught us to be ungovernable. These latent Principles of Faction and Infidelity have been silently fermenting together for some Time; but little did we suspect, that all Orders and Establishments, that all Government and Religion would so soon be blown up by the Explosion.

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I must lay down my Pen Ah! how many Shocks more shall I experience, before I leave this distracted Country?

IN CONTINUATION.

I must immediately avail myself of the Leave I have with much Difficulty obtained. Permission is at length granted me to travel into Italy. A young Gentleman, with whom I am intimately acquainted, is desirous of being my Companion. His Name is Henry D—, Son of the Count of N—.

This Nobleman's Character was so much esteemed, that the rude Multitude have not entirely forgotten the Respect which is due to his Merit.

His Lady is very amiable and accomplished. Henry is their only Child, and inherits all the good Qualities of his Parents. He used to have a vast Deal of Vivacity

Vivacity and Sprightliness. Indeed, it is so natural to him, that in Spite of the real Concern he feels at beholding such repeated horrible Scenes, his Cheerfulness will now and then appear like the Sun when it shines through a Cloud.

He is very solicitous for my asking his Parents' Consent to his Journey into Italy. This I have taken upon me to do, and shall be very happy to have such a Fellow-traveller. Sandy, I shall expect your punctual Correspondence. Be it your Part to divert my Mind from the Subject which too often employs my Thoughts. Let me know every Matter in which your Welfare is interested. Bring me more intimately acquainted with the Character of the brave and worthy Captain M——. You know he had but just quitted the Hurry and Bustle of a military Employment, when I was obliged to leave you.— I was very proud of the affectionate Regard which I received from your Uncle.

I shall

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I shall always retain for him the utmost Esteem and Veneration. Therefore remember, I expect you will not forget Capt. M—— in your Letters to me. Pray, do not neglect to mention me to your Aunt. Very great are my Obligations to that Lady for all her kind and attentive Behaviour to me. Her Affection for you seems truly parental; and although Captain M—— is only her half Brother, yet her sisterly Affection cannot be exceeded. Happy Family, because virtuous! And happy Clydesdale, because you belong to a well-ordered Government.

Britons, if you be not thankful to Heaven for all the Blessings with which you are surrounded, you must indeed be ungrateful and unreasonable. Bruce, were you here, how would your feeling Heart vibrate, as mine does, when I hear the rude and boisterous Voice of Faction! And, to behold one's Friends falling Sacrifices to such lawless and impious Cowards,

ards, is dreadful beyond Expression.—I will now bid you farewell, as I must immediately set about my Commission.—Surely Monsieur D—— ought not to refuse a Request so reasonable, when he considers from what Danger his Son may be critically rescued. To depend upon the Rabble for the Continuance of their Respect, must certainly be very imprudent.—I will instantly wait upon him, and you shall know the Result. How happy should I esteem myself were you with me! Henry D—— will, I hope, be your Substitute to

Your affectionate Friend,

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LET-

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

I AM just returned from Monsieur D—. I found some Difficulty in obtaining the wished-for Consent. Madame D— said she could not, without great Reluctance, think of parting with her Henry. My Arguments did not avail any Thing, until I told her of the Predicament he stood in with regard to his personal Safety. Indeed, Madame, said Monsieur D—, what Monsieur de Biron has advanced is too true; for our Henry has escaped already from much apparent Danger, and we owe his Preservation to the Esteem some of the Insurgents professed for me. I therefore think we cannot have a better Opportunity than is now offered, to secure our Henry, till we see what Turn Affairs

Affairs will take. You have brought a prevailing Argument, returned Madame D——. I give my Consent; my Son shall travel with Monsieur de Biron. I always wished to see a perfect Harmony subsist between Monsieur and my Son, and have done every Thing in my Power that he might cultivate an Acquaintance so much to his Advantage. I shall therefore hope, since there is a sad Necessity for our parting, that, by continually associating with a Character such as Monsieur de Biron's, you will receive all the Benefit I expect.

I have my Expectations too, returned Henry, that Monsieur de Biron's associating with me will be a very great Advantage to him; for you know, Madame, that Monsieur is Half an Englishman by Birth, and I know not how much more by Education; so that of course he will be immersed in Thoughtfulness and Solitude; and as his Affairs are a little deranged,

ranged, he may get into the Horrors, and then who knows the Consequence, unless I am near enough to call forth a little French *Levity*, I was going to say; but if you please, it shall be *Philosophy*, to his Assistance.

Monsieur D—— proposed our taking a Journey into Switzerland, and recommended the City of Zurich for our Residence: To this we agreed. Thus every Thing was finally settled, and Preparations are making for our Departure. However, I shall expect to receive one Letter from you before we leave Paris.

Make my best Respects to Captain M——. Tell him I obey his Injunctions, and shall always write my Letters to you in English. Tell your worthy Aunt, I hope some Day to thank her in Person for her last obliging Present, and shall expect to be honoured with some Commissions from her, when I am in Italy.

Write

Write immediately, my dear Sandy, and believe me, that, whatever Revolutions happen in the World, you may always depend on the unalterable Friendship

Of your affectionate

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

L E T T E R. III.

MR. BRUCE

TO

MONSIEUR DE BIRON.

I Rejoice, my dear Friend, that you are soon to leave Paris; and it adds much to my Satisfaction, that, in Monsieur D—— you will have in every Respect an eligible Fellow- Traveller. I am restrained by that Duty I owe my worthy Uncle, from the Happiness of accompanying my Adolphus.—The more I investigate

the Character of Capt. M——, the more I admire the many amiable Qualities of his Disposition. His Singularities can only be considered as a proper Shade on a beautiful Picture of human Nature. During his Service in the Navy, he gave many Proofs of an undaunted Courage. He gloried in the Profession of a British Seaman; but having lost a Limb in the Service, was (though with much Reluctance) obliged to retire. He professes great Contempt for the natural Enemies of his Country. This is only an Opinion; for by Nature he is a Philanthropist in the full Sense. Warm in his Temper, and in his Zeal for his King and Country, Loyalty is his Motto. He is generous and humane; firm in his Attachment, even to the lowest of those whom he has chosen for his Friends. This is a Remark you used to make on observing his Kindness to honest Archy, who has been many Years dependant on my Uncle. I always forgot to tell you, that Archy was Cap-
tain

tain M——'s Coxswain, was reckoned a prime Seaman, brave, and fearless, which made him a Favourite with his Captain; and for that Reason they left the Service together. He is now indeed, considered as an humble Friend; and, when only our own Family is present, often makes one of the Party. On these Occasions, my Uncle recalls the more active Scenes of his Life, puts on the Sea Captain, and often appeals to Archy, who answers his Honour in Terms suitable to their Profession. You would be much entertained were you now with us.

You know Archy had a good Notion of Drawing, His Captain has since that procured him a Master; and he now has produced many excellent Drawings of Ships, Sea-engagements, &c. The Captain's Room is hung round with the Productions of this naval Genius, as his Closet is with Portraits of many brave Sea Commanders. My Uncle has, besides all this,

many beautiful Models of Ships, and as he is very liberal to his Artificers, they endeavour to outvie each other in their Executions. You may be sure the Province of rigging, making the Sails, &c. belongs to the Coxswain, under the immediate Inspection of his Captain. A very large Room is appropriated for the Purpose of containing our Fleet. We have lately had an Addition of a very fine First Rate; she is an exact Model of the Royal Sovereign.

Now tell me, Adolphus, do you not see more to praise, than blame, in those innocent Amusements of my worthy Uncle.— The Mind of Man is an active Principle in general: surely then it must be particularly so, when much Time has been spent in the Hurry and Bustle of a military Life. The Impressions are lasting, and the Habits of Action impel the Mind to find Employment. You may recollect that the victorious Scipio, and his Friend
Lælius,

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON. 27

Lælius, employed themselves during their Retirement, in far more childish Amusements, than those which now entertain my Uncle and Archy.

But oh! my Adolphus, I fear I have many Difficulties to encounter in Order to preserve the good Opinion of my Aunt. Need I tell you, that she is possessed of numberless good Qualities; and although she is amiable in Disposition and Temper, yet she has a Foible in her Composition, which I foresee will give me great Uneasiness, and perhaps afford a Subject for the Correspondence of

Your affectionate Friend,

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

C 3

LET-

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LETTER IV.

MONSIEUR DE BIRON

TO

ALEXANDER BRUCE, ESQ.

Zurich.

HAVING parted from my Friends at Paris, agreeable to Monsieur D——'s Plan, we took our Journey for this City. On our Arrival, we found Reason to applaud his Choice. It is really a very handsome Town, pleasantly situated near the Lake, has a very good Library, and the Academy is justly famed. Previous to our leaving Paris, we obtained Letters of Recommendation, which procured us a welcome Reception, and we have now free Access to the Library, Academy, &c.— This I esteem a great Advantage to us especially, as we purpose making this Place our Residence, before we pay a Visit to some Parts of Italy. By these means

we

we have already made some very agreeable Acquaintance. The Rev. Mr. Stanley, who is an English Gentleman, is among the Number. I must own he attracted my particular Notice, and my Regard for his Character was confirmed by hearing every Person speak of him with much Respect. His Residence is in the Family of Madame Villeroi, a Widow Lady. Mr. Stanley was the particular Friend of this Lady's Husband, and for that Reason he became the Friend and Preceptor of young Villeroi and his Sisters. They have an agreeable Villa a small Distance from Zurich. Mr. Stanley, who pays us great Attention, informed Madame Villeroi of his new Acquaintances. My speaking English was pleasing to the Lady, who it seems is an Englishwoman.

In consequence of Mr. Stanley's Recommendation we are invited, and mean to pay Madame V—— a Visit. The young Ladies are reckoned very handsome
and

and highly accomplished, At our Return
I shall finish my Packet, and you shall
have an Account of our Visit

From your affectionate

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE SAME

TO

THE SAME.

Zurich.

I Have paid the Visit, and am returned
to my Pen, in order to forward my Packet.
We were received by Mr. Stanley, who
introduced us to Madame Villeroi and
her two amiable Daughters, the third be-
ing on a Visit at the Canton of Bern.—
Her Son, who is making a Tour through
some Part of Russia, sat out on this Jour-
ney since the Peace was concluded with
Sweden,

Sweden, Villeroi having served under the Patronage of the Duke of S———. Indeed they are a most amiable Family.— The charming Adelaide is the most lovely Person I ever beheld. Madame V—— is still a very agreeable Woman. The Decency of her mourning Habit, which she has always worn since her Husband's Death, becomes her exceedingly. Mr. Stanley mentioned the Library in the course of our Conversation, as being stored with the best English Authors, and as a Place where the Family usually spent some Hours in the Day. We therefore adjourned thither.

On my Entrance I saw a Number of Paintings; and on taking a near View of one of these Pictures, I beheld the dear Resemblance of my Mother, in the very same Dress and Attitude in which she is drawn in her Portrait in my own Possession. Judge my Surprise! It soon became visible to every one present. They gazed at me
in

in Silence. When I could no longer forbear from expressing my Surprise, I approached Madame V——, and entreated her to tell me by what Chance she obtained that Picture. I am not beholden to Chance, said the Lady, for what I esteem so valuable. It was presented to me by a dear Relation, and what is still more, a faithful and much loved Friend; though I needed not any Thing to remind me of my dear Sophia, whose Idea will never depart from my Memory. Tell me, Monsieur de Biron, what Interest you have in that Picture?

Oh! Madame, I exclaimed, you *are*, you *must* be, my Mother's Caroline.— Thus let her Son express his Duty to the amiable Friend of my much loved Mother. I bent my Knee. Madame V—— could only answer with her Tears. She bent over me with parental Tenderness. I arose: She took my Hand, and turning to Mr. Stanley, expressed her Satisfaction
for

for his having been the Mean of introducing me. Then addressing her Daughters. From this Hour, my dear Children, look on Adolphus as your Brother. I adopt him as my Son. I shall place him in my Esteem next to my Eugene at his Return; and, when we are more composed, I will relate to you some important Events, which cannot fail of making you consider the Discovery, just now made, very interesting to myself and Family.— In the mean Time, Adolphus, I wish you to look on me as your Mother; and consequently this House affords a Home for yourself and Friend. I made her every Acknowledgement, and accepted with Pleasure the Name of her Son.— Since that Day our Visits are frequent, and I have daily Opportunities of admiring the Virtues of this respectable Family, and of beholding the charming Adelaide. This will often afford a Subject for the Pen of your

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LET.

LETTER VI.

MONSIEUR VILLEROI

TO THE

REVEREND MR. STANLEY.

Petersburgh.

THE Gentleman, who accompanied me to Russia, having protracted his Stay from Motives of Curiosity, I yielded to his earnest Request to continue in this Country much longer than was my Intention.— This vast and unwieldy Empire exhibits melancholy Pictures of Depopulation, and all the Ravages of War.

Peter, (in my Opinion) justly termed the Great, performed in his Time Wonders towards civilizing the Inhabitants, and introducing the Arts of Cultivation. Ambition seems the principal Motive which actuates the present Sovereign.— On my Return homewards I shall continue
to

to make all the Observations that I can, in order to give you the better Description. The extreme Coldness of Winter in Petersburg makes me feel for the Inhabitants of Siberia.—Thomson, in his admirable Poems of the Seasons, has drawn such a Picture of that Country, that I can easily, at least in Imagination, suppose I behold the shivering Mortals who are doomed to inhabit that dreary Region.

There, thro' the Prison of unbounded Wilds,
 Barr'd by the Hand of Nature from Escape,
 Wide roams the *Russian* Exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad Eye, but Desarts lost in Snow;
 And heavy-loaded Groves; and solid Floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary Waste,
 Their icy Horrors to the frozen Main;
 And cheerless Towns far-distant, never bless'd,
 Save when its annual Course the Caravan
 Bends to the golden Coast of rich *Cathay*,*
 With News of Human-kind.

The Eyes of Europe are intent on the
 Vol. I. D French

* The old Name for China.

French Revolution. As often as we speak of the uncultivated Manners of Nations, should we not withdraw our Censure, when we behold a People, who were reckoned the most polite on Earth, refining on every Species of Cruelty?—What an ample Field for Reflection!—Great-Britain has now gained a compleat Superiority; for Humanity, which is only another Word for Politeness, most surely belongs to the brave and generous. On all these important Matters do I hope soon to reason with my honoured Guardian. I have written to the Ladies.—And shall with all possible Dispatch tell you in Person with what Duty and Affection I am your

EUGENE VILLEROI.

LET-

LETTER VII.

ALEXANDER BRUCE

TO

MONSIEUR DE BIRON.

WITH the utmost Anxiety have I expected to be acquainted with your safe Arrival in Switzerland. I should rejoice, were it possible, that every Friend to the Rights of Humanity could quit Paris, and leave the Perpetrators of Crimes, the most impious and unheard of, to murder and destroy one another: But as this is not within the Reach of Possibility, I can only deplore the wretched Fate of a Monarch, exposed to all the Miseries that Malice and Rage can invent, deprived of Liberty, in Danger of his own, and the Lives of his Family, and daily beholding his Subjects inhumanly slaughtered, and his Country approaching still nearer to Ruin. How fortunate it was that you

made Choice of Zurich! You have already, I perceive, disposed of your Heart. May the charming Adelaide give you her's in Return! You bid me say all I can to amuse you. You are not aware that I stand as much in Need of Amusement as yourself.

You know I always told you, that my Engagement to Miss Macintosh proceeded intirely from the Motive of obliging my Friends, especially my Aunt, to whom I owe the most implicit Obedience. The Lady was beautiful, with a genteel Fortune. My Aunt proposed it, as being a very eligible Alliance. I had no Prepossession in Favour of any other Lady, so I had no Objection to pay my Addresses to Miss M——. Her Family received my Visits with Cordiality. As to the fair one, she did not indeed seem averse from the proposed Union; yet I thought her Sentiments were correspondent with mine. I heard the Praise of her Beauty
from

from all my Acquaintance. I must however be very much in Love, were I blind to some Traits in her Character, which discover much Pride and Hauteur, together with a very high Opinion of her own Merit. These Qualities now appear to me more plain than ever; for, like you, Adolphus, I am a Lover.

Chance introduced me to a young Lady, whose Merit can justify my Affection, and give me Occasion to condemn my own egregious Folly for entering into an Engagement, without consulting my Heart. Fain would I excuse myself with saying I know not the Power of Love. What an unthinking Being have I been! Too late I see my Error. How shall I break this unfortunate Engagement! How shall I extricate myself, where my Honour, Duty, and Interest are so much concerned!

The amiable Sophia supposes me to be firmly engaged, and I dare not express a

Word to the contrary. I dread the very Apprehension of a Rival. And I hear with Vexation, that Euphemius Macintosh is expected to pay my Aunt a Visit. How shall I behave to her! I am almost tempted to wish I had never seen the lovely Sophia Campbell.—In my next, I will acquaint you, how I first chanced to see the fair Disturber of my Tranquillity.—My Uncle sends for me: I obey the Summons.

IN CONTINUATION.

Whatever contributes to Capt. M——'s Happiness is considered by me with Pleasure. The Arrival of an old Friend and Shipmate has been long expected. This Gentleman, whose Name is Sinclair, was formerly Surgeon of the Ship which my Uncle commanded. The Captain acknowledges himself under great Obligations to the Doctor's Skill and Attention.—When he was wounded in the Service

Service of his Country, it was found necessary to amputate his Arm. The Doctor watched his gallant Commander with unremitting Care: Nor was his Humanity confined to him only; for Archy says, that he always treated every Person in the Ship with such Care and Attention, that they loved him next to Capt. M——. I said, I believed he had much good Sense and Affability. Senseth, said Archy! as to that Matter, I believe no one either at Sea or on Shore could get to the Windward of my Captain and the Doctor.— They love their King and Country, and they deserve that every one should love them.

Such was the Evidence of the honest Tar. For my own Part, I am exceeding glad of this Gentleman's Company: Chatting with him, and writing to you, will be an Excuse for my want of Attention to Miss Mac Intosh. I am to attend my Uncle, who with his Friend means to make

make a little Excursion. How happy, were you of the Party to wind along the Banks of the Clyde, when I would request you to tune again your Oaten Reed!—Apropos, pray, have you neglected to invoke the Muse? You love the gentle Adelaide; but there do not appear any Difficulties in your Way, to oblige you to sooth your Despair with a Song.—Pray, try if you cannot raise a Strain, expressing the Folly and Perplexity of a Swain like your Sandy.

Before I could finish my Letter, my Uncle came to me. You are writing to De Biron, said the worthy Man. Charge him, I conjure you, never to think of returning to France. Much rather would I consent to his Abode in the most savage and desert Wilderness, than to trust his Life or Liberty to the Mercy of such Blood Hounds, whose Hands are daily stained with the most horrid and impious Murders. Humanity is shocked. The
Heart

Heart of every brave Man recoils with Horror, while he trembles for the Safety of his Friend. Tell Adolphus that my House, my Heart is ready to receive and protect him.

When he gave me this Message, the Tear of Sympathy trembled in his Eye: I honoured the pearly Witness of Compassion, which proved that Pity is not absent from the Brave. To these Commands my Uncle added an Invitation to Monsieur D—— to accompany you to Clydesdale.

The Post is going out. I can only again remind you of writing often; and I beg you will consider the Distance between us, therefore your Letters must not be fashionably written: Rather suppose you are expected to tell me of all that concerns you. Be not afraid, I shall never complain of your Prolixity; nor make any unnecessary Apologies for the Packets
which

which I may fend, if you continue any Time in Switzerland. How much rather would I hail your Return to

Your affectionate

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

LETTER VIII.

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON

TO

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

Zurich.

WHAT a Consolation is your sincere and generous Friendship! Impelled by Gratitude, I cannot make a Return to your Letter, until I have made my thankful Acknowledgements to Captain M—. I will obey his Injunction. I will not return to a Kingdom distracted by Faction, and stained with human Blood.

On

On my Departure from this Country, nothing shall restrain me from coming to England, and from thence I will soon pay my Duty to my worthy Inviter, who can so readily welcome an Exile, and whose feeling Heart shudders at the Thoughts of human Woes. I honour the Tear of Compassion which Humanity called for. I do not wonder at that just Indignation which such base and unmanly Cowardice incites in the Bosom of a truly brave and gallant Man. When the Sword is drawn in a just Cause, in Defence of a Person's King and Country, a brave Man puts on his Armour, knowing it to be his Duty—and even amidst the Din of Arms, and the Horrors of War, determines that Honour and Humanity shall be his Companions. If he fall, his Fall is noble. If he conquer, he extends Mercy to his vanquished Foes; and is glad when the Sword can be sheathed with Honour. These are the Principles on which the Man of true Courage goes forth to the Battle.

How

How different this Conduct from that which actuates the Supporters of Faction, and the Favourers of Rebellion! To Magnanimity they are Strangers. Envy, Revenge, and Cruelty are the Principles with which they inspire their infatuated Followers, who, proceeding from one Degree of Guilt to another, come at length to have a savage Delight in Murder and Assassination, and endeavour to refine upon every Species of Cruelty.

My Friend, can you wonder that this Subject runs away with my Pen? Were I not so deeply interested in what relates to my Property, I should feel for the Calamities of my Fellow-creatures.

I am exceedingly perplexed on account of your Engagement with one Lady, and your Love for another. Though I cannot take upon me to advise you, yet I think at any Rate it would be doing a great Injury, and perhaps ruin your own
Peace

Peace of Mind, were you to marry Miss Mac Intosh, when your Heart is devoted to Sophia. The married State is allowed to be either very happy or very miserable. The Engagement is solemn, and the Heart ought not to suffer any Violence. Permit me to give you my Notions relative to the married State. First, I think, that to ensure Happiness Love should be founded upon Esteem. The good Qualities of the Mind ought to be the principal Charm, as being of a more durable Nature than mere outside Beauty; though I confess that Virtue appears to Advantage, when she inhabits the Person of an elegant and accomplished Woman, and is agreeable even in one of a plainer Form. Without Virtue no State of Life can be deemed happy: To make either Love or Friendship permanent, Virtue must be the Basis of the Connection. Both Love and Esteem are necessary in the married State. Therefore, Bruce, consider how you are to pass your whole Life with a Person whom

you are attached to by neither. I will spare all Reflections for your having engaged yourself to Miss M——, when she was only indifferent to you. I suppose a little Portion of Vanity lurked in your Heart, and made you ambitious of having your Wife celebrated for her personal Charms: Obedience too to the Choice of your Aunt had, no doubt, its due Weight. Sophia Campbell has obliterated the Traces of Vanity.

But what you can say to your Aunt I know not? What think you of making Mr. Sinclair your Confident? Be that as it may, I shall expect you will remember the Interest I have in your Happiness; nor shall I ever imagine you indifferent to mine. I shall therefore without any Scruple tell you all that happens to me.

I freely acknowledge that Adelaide Villeroi is to me the most agreeable of her Sex.—I would fain teach my Heart Indifference,

difference, but find it impossible. Consider my exiled State. My Fortune in France is perhaps ruined. It is happy for me that I have some Property which belonged to my Mother in Great-Britain. Though Adelaide may have a more advantageous Offer in point of Fortune, her Mother seems desirous to procure me the Esteem of her Family: To this End she is drawing up a Narrative of her Life, in order to point out some Obligations she received from my Parents: On that, however, I shall not presume, by arrogating the Merits of others, as if I expected a Return: I shall lay down my Pen, as Henry D—— is importuning me to attend the Ladies. On my Return I will finish my Letter.

IN CONTINUATION.

Eugene Villeroi is expected to be at Zurich very soon. A young Gentleman is just arrived, to whom Madame Villeroi

pays much Attention; his Name is Augustus Margrove. I soon discovered that this young Gentleman was very highly respected at Zurich, having studied with Eugene under the Tuition of Mr. Stanley, who seems to have much Affection for him; and therefore I was not surpris'd at hearing that he was Eugene's most intimate Friend: His Appearance would prepossess you in his Favour; to an elegant and well turned Person is added a very pleasing Manner and Address; his Features are regular, and his Countenance seems to indicate an open and ingenuous Mind. An Air of Melancholy is visible in his Look. The Ladies have hinted to me that he is unhappy, but without mentioning the Reason; only that his Distresses are not on any pecuniary Account.

Madame V—— used every Persuasion to detain Mr. Margrove 'till his Friend's Return, but to no Purpose; nor could Mr. Stanley prevail. Adelaide joined her Entreaties.

Entreaties. I instantly asked Monsieur D—— to go with me to the Academy.— The next Morning Mr. M—— took Leave of the Family, and sat out for England. I have been the more particular relative to this young Gentleman, as I imagined Adelaide to express particular Concern on his Account. Perhaps he is my Rival, yet I must do him Justice.—I must allow him to appear worthy her Attachment. So that on every Side I have Reason for Vexation.—What happy Days were those, when we strayed along the Banks of the Clyde! Then you may remember that I sometimes sang a rustic Lay, for my Heart was then at Ease; But now under what Shade must an Exile sing, or what Subject can present itself to his Imagination, but the Woes of his ruined Country! You may still recline in Safety on the Banks of the River, and view the Landskips around you with Content and Pleasure.

Britain, I must now wholly claim thee

for my Country. Were it not for one Reason, I would disown that I am in any Respect a Frenchman, but that would be insulting the Memory of my worthy Father. He would have detested the Thought of plunging his Country into all the Horrors of civil Discord: Nor shall his Son contribute in the smallest Degree to the savage Work of Destruction. No, Bruce, I will rather avail myself of the Right which I have to live in England.— I have no longer any Hopes of seeing Peace and Order restored to France. I will therefore no longer consider myself under any Restraint. Adieu to all my French Property! Adieu to the once gay and chearful Streets of Paris, whither the People from all Nations came to study Refinement.—Refinement, indeed, may be still learned in Paris, but it is a Refinement on more than savage Cruelty.— I will go and study true Politeness among the Sons of Liberty. I am, and will be, in Principles at least an Englishman.

Say

Say every Thing for me respectful to Captain M——, Miss Bruce, and Mr. Sinclair, and pray mention me kindly to Archy. I need not repeat with how much Sincerity

I am your affectionate

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LETTER IX.

ALEXANDER BRUCE

TO

MONSIEUR DE BIRON.

MY Uncle is quite delighted at your Determination to follow his Advice,— You are to be received with all due Solemnity. Captain M—— will assist at the Ceremony of your being declared a Subject of our King, and an adopted Son of Britain. Moreover I am to acquaint you,

you, that as you are no longer a Frenchman, you are to stand next to me in the Captain's Esteem.

I am now intirely of your Opinion that the married State cannot admit of Happiness, unless it be founded on Esteem, and accompanied by Virtue. The Labyrinth, into which I am now doomed to wander, perplexes me greatly. I shall blush to see Miss M——. I hope she has not acquired any Regard for me; if she have I shall be truly unhappy, for my Heart can never be her's.

On our last Visit to the Seat of Mr. Mac Intosh, all pecuniary Matters were finally settled.—I had neither Joy nor Grief on the Occasion, and in this Temper leaving my Aunt at Mr. Mac Intosh's, I returned Home. On my Way I was overtaken by a Gentleman, who soon recollected my Name, having studied at the University with me. Our former Acquaintance was easily

easily renewed, and Mr. Campbell insisted on my calling at his Father's House, which would carry me but little out of my Way.

Mr. Campbell and his Lady, to whom I was introduced as their Son's Friend, gave me a very cordial Reception.—The lovely Sophia soon made her Appearance to welcome her Brother. I was much pleased with her affectionate Behaviour, and indeed, without knowing why, imagined every Thing she said was pleasing. Every Moment she became more interesting, although perhaps in Point of Beauty by some she may be thought inferior to Miss Macintosh.

Mr. Campbell begged me to remain a few Days with him: You may suppose I could not refuse.—I sent my Servant to acquaint Captain M—— with the Reason of my Stay, who returned an obliging Answer, and begged to see Mr. Campbell

at

at his House. Sophia did every Thing to oblige her Brother. When she sang, the Melody of her Voice was to me enchanting. On the Harpsichord she is allowed to excel. I had often listened to the same Airs; but never with so much Rapture as now.—Time flew with Rapidity.—Reluctantly did I bid Adieu to the amiable Sophia. Never before was I so much embarrassed. My Confusion, I think, must be very apparent. Mr. Campbell returned home with me. His Father paid me a very great Compliment at parting, which I was no more able to answer than to deserve, and which I have not at present Vanity enough to repeat.

I introduced my Friend to Captain M——, who was much rejoiced at the Meeting. He remained with us several Days, in which Time I took every Occasion to mention the lovely Sophia; it was a pleasing Theme to Mr. Campbell to dwell on, as he is proud to do Justice to the

the Merit and Accomplishments of his Sister; for her Sake he became every Day more dear to me.

My Aunt has sent to request me to attend her on a Visit to a Friend. Miss Mac Intosh is there, and will return with us.—You may imagine with how much Reluctance I obey the Summons.—I even wish for my former Indifference. Miserable indeed shall I have Reason to think myself, if Euphemia have any Affection for me. My only hope is, that the Lady is too much taken up with the Contemplation of her own Perfections to love another Person. I am determined to break this Engagement, although at present I cannot form any Plan for the Purpose.

Adolphus, will you be so industrious to torment yourself, as to imagine Margrove to be your Rival? Is not the Friendship between this Gentleman (whose Picture you have drawn) and Eugene Villeroy

48 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

leroi a sufficient Reason for the Family's taking an Interest in his Misfortunes, of whatsoever Nature they may be, as well as for paying him an affectionate and proper Attention? Besides, I think, the good Opinion Mr. Stanley entertains of Mr. Margrove is another Inducement for their Esteem: So I must entreat, that while your Mind is so much harrassed with the melancholy Events, produced by the French Revolution, you will be cautious how you invite more Intruders to disturb your Peace. As often as you find Opportunity, employ your Pen, and endeavour to compose your Thoughts; for I expect you will afford Amusement and Advice to your

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

LET-

LETTER X.

MATILDA

TO

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

NEED I tell you how much the amiable Augustus Margrove is respected by our Family. The strict Intimacy and sincere Friendship which Eugene contracted with him, met the Approbation of his Mother, and received Mr. Stanley's Sanction. You know his filial Duty, so may suppose his Sorrow for his Father's Death must be pungent; yet as it was an Event long expected, Reason may reconcile his Mind. By a Letter, which he has written to Mr. Stanley, it is very apparent that Margrove is truly unhappy, although he does not acknowledge the Reason.

The following is a Transcript of his Letter.

VOL I.

F

Augustus

Augustus Margrove to the Rev. Mr. Stanley.

HOW kind, how consoling is your Advice! How generous your repeated Offers of Friendship! O! that I could return to Zurich with a Mind at Ease, such as were those happy Days when my honoured Mr. Stanley gave me those Precepts of Instruction which were so nobly illustrated by his own Example; when I shared with Eugene the Benefit of your Tuition, and you pointed out to us the Paths of Rectitude and Virtue! I am unhappy, my dear Friend, and my Mind shrinks back from telling you the Source of my Affliction. My Case is in some Respects singular, yet the Source from whence my Misfortunes spring, is alas! too common, and will continue so to be, while Error holds her Influence over the human Mind. To Eugene I shall transmit the Account, and he will communicate every Thing to you and the Ladies, yet I beg to be indulged in requesting that

to

to every one else, your own Family excepted, it may remain for some Time at least an inviolable Secret.—Before I set off I shall make you a short Visit.

I trust you will grant M. Villeroy Leave to correspond with your affectionate

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE.

From whence, Antoinette, can the Disquiet of our Friend Margrove proceed? Or what can occasion his sudden Journey to England? I cannot conjecture.—Mr. Stanley is very much concerned about the Matter, and, indeed, we are all very serious. Eugene will be greatly disappointed, and you will participate in our Concern for Augustus.

I shall not fail to communicate to you my Observations when he comes to Zurich.

I am interrupted.

IN CONTINUATION.

Margrove is arrived, and Dejection is visible in his amiable Countenance. Mr. Stanley introduced Monsieur De Biron as a Relation of our Family. He endeavoured to hide the Grief which preys upon his Spirits, but it was impossible. When De Biron and his Friend left us to visit the Academy, Madame Villeroi made some Efforts to discover the Reason of his Concern.

“To you, my dear Madam,” said Augustus, “I can have no Scruple to declare my Story; yet I cannot even venture to listen to your Consolations: Such is the Nature of my Misfortunes! To Eugene must I refer you for Information.— This, Madam, continued Margrove, (delivering a sealed Packet) will account to him for my Journey to England. The whole I submit in Confidence to him and your own Family only.
“Tell

“ Tell him I could not trust myself to bid
 “ him adieu. He shall be made acquaint-
 “ ed with every Thing material in my
 “ Wanderings through Great-Britain, or
 “ wherever Fate may direct me. The
 “ Happiness of your Family is my ardent
 “ Wish.”

Mr. Stanley endeavoured to detain him;
 but it was impossible. He sat out early
 this Morning. He said something of go-
 ing to Berne, yet presently changed his
 Resolutions. Poor young Man! My
 good Wishes go along with him. I wish
 to see the Contents of the Packet, but
 that must be postponed until Eugene re-
 turns, when I will get Leave to transcribe
 it for you. When our Friends are un-
 happy, can we forbear to sympathize with
 them? If you expect me to scribble so
 much to you, do not forget to write to

Your

MATILDA VILLEROI.

F 3

LET.

LETTER XI.

ANTOINETTE

TO

MATILDA VILLEROI.

Berne.

AH! no, Matilda, we cannot, nor ought we to forbear sympathizing with our Friends in their Afflictions. Poor Margrove! though I am unacquainted with the Nature of his Misfortunes, yet sincerely do I pity him; for I do not know a more amiable Character. With what tender and dutiful Solitude did he watch over the declining Health of his indulgent Father. Eugene once put him in Mind that his Attention and Confinement might injure his own Health.

“Eugene,” returned Augustus, “there
 “is a pleasing Reflection which attends us
 “in performing our Duty to a Parent.—
 “The Care which our different States of
 “Infancy

"Infancy and Youth require of them, is
 "a Debt which we ought to pay them in
 "their old Age. It is one of the sacred
 "Commands to honour our Parents.—
 "The dutiful Respect you pay your
 "excellent Mother exalts your Charac-
 "ter. I have often perused the Book
 "which you have just been reading, with
 "a sympathizing Kind of Pleasure, not
 "without admiring the filial Motives
 "which induced Telemachus to wander
 "in Pursuit of a Father whom he could
 "never remember to have seen."

These, and many other Instances, do I
 recollect of Margrove's Sentiments, which
 were always correspondent with Virtue and
 Religion. I am therefore impatient to
 know the Grounds of his Affliction.—Eu-
 gene cannot scruple to let me peruse the
 Papers when he returns. I shall soon ex-
 pect to see him at Berne: However, you
 will in the mean Time request him to for-
 ward Margrove's Letters to me; for sure-
 ly

ly he may conclude, that the Friends of Eugene Villeroi claim his Sister's Regard. You will say every Thing respectful for me to our Cousin De Biron, and Monsieur D——. I have already written to my Mother, and to Mr. Stanley.—Write often, Matilda, and you will oblige

Your

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

L E T T E R XII.

MATILDA

T O

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

Zurich.

YOU will participate in our Happiness when I tell you of Eugene's Return.—He was much disappointed at not finding Augustus at Zurich. Madame V——
took

took an Opportunity of presenting the Packet, the Contents of which seem to disturb and surprise him. To our own Family he consents to communicate his Letters; but requests that to our Guests the Dejection of his Friend may be only accounted for by his having met with an unexpected Misfortune which obliged him to take a Journey to England. He will not part with the Original, but will allow me to take a Copy for you, which I shall embrace every Opportunity of doing, and shall send it you prior to your Brother's Visit.

IN CONTINUATION.

Eugene having given me the Papers, I have excused myself from joining the Party who are gone to the City, that I may begin my Task of giving you a Transcript.

LET.

LETTER XIII.

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE

TO

MONSIEUR VILLEROI.

Montpelier.

WHILE your Friends are waiting to hail your safe Return, surely, Eugene, you will expect your Augustus to welcome you from the hostile Camp. Ah! no; I cannot even bid my Friend adieu. I cannot trust myself to hear the Persuasion which, I am certain, you will use to prevent my Journey. Perhaps you will call it romantic; but why do I say so? You know my Heart. To you I have never used Reserve, save in one Instance. My Opinions on every Thing is known to you. I now act in Conformity with a Way of thinking which I have long cherished. Were you circumstanced as I am, your Anxiety would be equal; but that is impossible. My Case is singular. What-
ever

ever my Sentiments may be, strong and irresistible is the Impulse which drives me from Switzerland, from you, and from—I must turn from that Subject, and collect my scattered Ideas.

Need I tell you of the Worth of my kind, my indulgent Father. To the Authority of a Father he added the Confidence of a Friend. I had every Reason to think highly of my filial Duty. It is a Duty consonant with Reason and Religion: Even Self-interest is concerned, since we ought not to expect a Retribution, if we ever have the Name of Father, and are conscious of having failed in our Duties as Children. Remember, these are my real Sentiments; and now let me proceed.

You know how sincerely I lamented the loss of Mothers, and how much I endeavoured to comfort and console the afflicted Partner of her Heart. You were not acquainted with the accomplished Emma Margrove.

Margrove. Let the following Account testify her Worth.

Soon after the melancholy Event of her Death we came to Zurich. With Pleasure and Profit did I prosecute my Studies with you, under the Instruction of Mr. Stanley. During my Father's Illness, he often received Letters from England, the Contents of which remained a Secret to me. I never used Reserve to him, and I was hurt at his Silence. I was alarmed, lest he should be about negotiating a Marriage Treaty. My Heart was already engaged. To my Father I revealed my Sentiments. Augustus, said he, your Choice does you Honour; but tell me, is the Lady acquainted with your Attachment? No, Sir, to you only have I declared myself on the Subject. Then returned my Father, I conjure you to remain silent, for some Time at least: Stay till I receive farther Accounts from England. I depend on your Obedience, which

which I never yet had any Reason to complain of. I obeyed though with much Reluctance. I had often resided in England, but could not imagine with whom he held this private Intelligence. As his Illness increased, his Solitude and Tenderness for me was inexpressible. He presented me the Key of a Cabinet, and requested my Care and Attention to the Papers I should find inclosed.

My Grief on losing my Father and Friend rendered me for some Time quite inattentive to every Thing. Every kind, every indulgent Instance recurred to my Memory; and I could hardly think I had merited so good a Father. At length I recollected his Commands relative to the Cabinet. I opened it, and found a Letter addressed to me from my Father, which I was directed to read before I perused the other Papers.

Now, Eugene, let me repeat, that to
 Vol. I. G you

you and your Family only, can I disclose the Contents of these Papers, which have so much disturbed the Mind of

Your

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE.

L E T T E R X I V .

G E O R G E M A R G R O V E

T O

AUGUSTUS.

THE just Notions your Mind always entertains, my dear Augustus, will make you pity the Misfortunes which proceed from Errors that are inherent in human Nature. I will not therefore make any Observations on the Papers now before you. I know your Heart, my dear Son; for such permit me to call you: Even
from

from a Child have I had Reason to acknowledge your Merit.

“Thy growing Virtues justified my Cares,
“And promis’d Comfort to my silver Hairs.”

Homer's Odyſſey.

Read then the incloſed with Fortitude;
Some Part was drawn up by my much-
loved Emma—the Additions which I
have made, and my Advice to you, are
submitted to your ſerious Conſideration.
How much is your real Happineſs wiſhed
for

By your affectionate

GEORGE MARGROVE,

G 2

LET

LETTER XV.

EMMA MARGROVE

TO

AUGUSTUS.

TO your Prudence and good Sense I appeal, my dear Augustus, when the following Narrative comes into your Hand, to which I shall subjoin the Reasons why you have remained so long ignorant of Events that cannot fail of interesting a Heart like your's. I shall avoid Prolixity, and proceed to tell you a plain and simple Story.

Mr. Margrove, whose Attention to my Welfare was ever the principal Object of his Thoughts, about twenty Years since proposed a Journey to the South of France for the Benefit of my Health. Finding the Change of Climate salutary, we prolonged our Stay. Though we lived as retired as possible, yet we could not avoid con-

contracting an Acquaintance with some whom we were in the Habit of visiting.— On one of these Visits we were informed, that an English Lady of an elegant Appearance, and whose Lodgings were near our own, appeared to be overwhelmed with Affliction and Distress. The Nature of her Sorrows was utterly unknown, as was her Name. From an Excess of Sorrow her Health was daily impaired.—I own I felt much Compassion for the fair Unknown, and ardently wished to offer her all the Consolation in my Power: I therefore took the Liberty of sending her the following Note.

“Mrs. Margrove is not stimulated by
 “an idle Curiosity, when she begs Per-
 “mission to visit her Countrywoman.—
 “She feels a sympathizing Concern for
 “her Illness, and would be happy to ren-
 “der her any Service.”

The Lady returned for Answer, that

my Compassion for an unfortunate Stranger claimed her Thanks; and though her Sorrows were beyond the Reach of human Pity to remove, yet she should thankfully accept the promised Visit.

I went and found the lovely Mourner reclined on a Couch. She made an Effort to rise at my Approach; but I hastily prevented her, and seating myself by her, Tears on both Sides were our only Language for some Time. I endeavoured to suppress the Concern her Appearance had occasioned. Her Face retained the Traces of Beauty, though the Effects of Grief were painted in every Feature. Her Eyes streamed with Tears, and her whole Manner bespoke unutterable Woe. I begged her to be comforted, and to look on me as a Friend.

Generous Stranger! forbear to mention Comfort to a Wretch like me—I am not worthy your Friendship; but, continued
the

the Lady, I have a Reason, a most powerful Reason for imploring your Pity and Compassion. Shocking as the Recital may be, yet to you will I unbosom my Afflictions, which are but too justly my due Reward. On your next Return to this Apartment of Misery I will endeavour to give you my sad Story.

I repeated my Assurances of Friendship, gave her some little Account of my Connections and Situation, and said every Thing I could to gain her Confidence.— I left her with Regret, and gave Mr. Margrove an Account of my Visit. He became greatly interested, and said that every Thing which depended on him should be afforded to alleviate her Misfortunes. I did not delay my Promise of attending the Lady. She was still weak and languid, but that she had been summoning all her Strength to give me her promised Story.— I will begin, Madam, with telling you, that my Father was a Gentle-

Gentleman of Fortune, and my Mother was justly respected for her estimable Virtues. As I was their only Child, their Indulgence was unbounded. This led them into an Error, for they never permitted me to be contradicted, and their Partiality would not suffer them to think I could act wrong. The great Attention I received at Home made me expect the same from my Acquaintance, from whom I could not brook the least Opposition to my Wishes.—I mention this, Madam, as an Error in my Education, which too much cherished a Disposition that led to my present Misfortunes; otherwise my Education was virtuous and proper.

Among the Gentlemen who honoured me with their Addresses, was one, whose Character was universally admired. His Name was Beville. My Heart declared in his Favour, and my Parents rejoiced at my giving Mr. Beville the Preference.—Our Union met with the Approbation of
all

all my Friends, and I soon became the Wife of the generous, the truly noble-minded Beville. The Death of my affectionate Parents interrupted our Felicity; for I had the Misfortune of losing them both the first Year of our Marriage. Mr. Beville combated my Affliction with the Arguments of Reason; and the Birth of a Son called for my maternal Care and Attention. Never could any Joy exceed that which Beville expressed. The dear Boy perfectly resembled his Father's Features: May he imitate his Virtues!—Two happy Years passed away in Innocence and Peace—Halcyon Days of Virtue never to return! Never must my Son receive again the Caresses of his Father; never more be the Means of lighting up the Countenance of his Parent with Joy—no, he is now a forlorn Stranger in a foreign Land.

Mrs. Beville was so much affected, that I was obliged to ring the Bell. A Servant entered

entered leading the most lovely Child I ever beheld. His Mother snatched him to her Bosom, while her Tears streamed on his innocent Face. Mrs. Beville was so much agitated, that I wished her to desist from her Narrative, but she requested my Attention to the Remainder of her Story.

Antoinette, I am quite tired with writing, but shall resume my Pen the first Opportunity.

IN CONTINUATION.

Mrs. Beville again went on with her Story.

Mr. Beville had in his Youth contracted a most intimate Acquaintance with two Gentlemen, one of whom he expected to pay him a Visit. He came, and was received in the most cordial Manner by his Friend. He was gay and volatile, and seemed to be of an open, generous Disposition.

sition. As he was the Friend of my Husband, I behaved to him with Attention—he often congratulated Beville on his happy Choice of a Partner. To be approved of by the Friends of my Husband was my Ambition, and I imagined it very justifiable; since on the good Opinion of Beville my Happiness depended. The Sincerity of his Friendship gave me every Reason to hope his Affection for me would be permanent. Our Time passed with Peace and Serenity. In this Sunshine of Prosperity I did not foresee the Storms which were gathering over my Head; nor behold the approaching Tempest which was to root up my Peace and Happiness.

One fatal Day, Madam, was the Prelude to all my Misfortunes. Beville received a Letter, when contrary to his usual Custom, he began to prepare for a Journey, without saying whither he was going, or on what Account. On his Return he seemed full of Solicitude and Anxiety, and

and in a short Time again left Home.—
In vain did I endeavour, by all the Influence I was Mistress of, to draw from him the Secret. I was alarmed: A thousand Apprehensions crowded in my Mind.—
My Servant, in whom I placed much Confidence, saw my Tears, and enquired with respectful Accents the Source of my Vexation. She soon became acquainted that I was hurt at Beville's Silence as to the Reason of his Journeys—she pitied me,—she seemed confused,—and dropped Hints which alarmed me still more—I insisted on an Explanation, promised her the most inviolable Secrecy, and in a Word, said every Thing I could to extort from her a Confession.—She at length told me, that she had every Reason to think I had a Rival. Mr. Beville's Servant had confided to her such Intelligence. His Master in the private Meeting had observed much Caution. My Informer again begged my Promise of remaining silent, which I again repeated, and earnestly charged her to use every

every Method to obtain all the Information she could on the heart-wounding Subject. My Peace was now invaded. Jealousy began to work in my afflicted Heart.—Mr. Bromley (for that was the Name of Beville's Friend,) took Notice of my apparent Dejection. He inquired with seeming Concern and Affection, if any Thing untoward had happened to his Friend; if so, his Fortune, his Interest should all be exerted to render us happy.—Ah! Madam, soothed by the Voice of Friendship, I incautiously confessed the Reason of my Sorrows.

O Sir, said I, Beville no longer loves the unfortunate Clara; a Rival has torn him from his Wife who loves him with the utmost Tenderneſs, and from a Son who muſt no longer be doated on by his perfidious Father! I am diſtracted with the Thought of what Woes my dear Boy will experience, ſince his Father can no longer love us.

VOL I.

H

“Ah!

“Ah! Madam,” said Bromley, “I
“conjure you, beware of Jealousy; har-
“bour not a Thought injurious to my
“Friend. Tell me, I beseech you, from
“whence arises your Suspicions?”

I related all I had been informed of.—
He listened with Attention; and when I
had ended remained some Time silent—
At length he said; “really Madam, Ap-
“pearances seem very much against my
“Friend;—yet I beg you will compose
“your Mind, and not suffer Mr. Beville
“to perceive your Anxiety. The Matter
“does not yet amount to a Certainty:
“When that is the Case, I cannot but say,
“that you will have every Reason to think
“my Friend cruel, ungrateful, and blind
“to your Merit.”

Ah! Sir, said I, my Heart cannot har-
bour a Thought which could give him a
Moment's Disquiet: nor could I bear the
least Slight or Contempt from a Friend the
dearest

dearest to me in the World. How then shall I sustain this Heart-wounding Event!

"Be pacified," returned Bromley, "my Friend is too generous, and too sensible of the shining Worth of his amiable Clara—I am a Friend both to you and Beville, and I therefore again entreat you will not let Mr. B——— perceive your Disquiet."

I promised to obey his Injunctions, and when my Husband returned, assumed an Air of Chearfulness which was foreign to my Heart. The Tenderness of his Behaviour to me and the dear Boy would sometimes drive away the Suspicions which I entertained: But then again I should imagine he was overjoyed at being undiscovered. Every Trifle tended to awake my Jealousy, and to destroy my Peace.—How was I again alarmed, when Beville said to me: "my dear Clara, indispensable Business again calls me from Home!

"Believe me, I will use all possible Dis-
 "patch to return. In the mean Time be
 "careful of your Health, and that of our
 "dear Child; for remember the Happi-
 "ness of your Beville depends upon you.
 "My Friend Bromley informs me that he
 "is about to leave us; I will not there-
 "fore permit you to remain in Solitude
 "any longer than while I am transacting
 "the confidential Business which now calls
 "for my Attention."

So saying, he left me a Prey to my own
 Reflections. His Departure seemed a
 strong Confirmation. Bromley was about
 to take his Leave—He was, however, he
 said, loth to leave me in a State of such
 Anxiety and Suspence; warned me against
 Jealousy, and spoke in high Terms of his
 Friend, whose Character, he said, he wish-
 ed to vindicate. My Tears continued to
 flow, and my Emissary continued to pro-
 cure Information.—Her Behaviour now
 seemed to be as if she feared to speak the
 worst.

worst. I entreated, I insisted; at length she exclaimed, "Ah! Madam, do not
 "force me to tell you that my Master is
 "gone to London. By his Servant I have
 "gained this Intelligence. The Lady
 "who is become your Rival, is gone
 "thither; and Mr. Beville has taken
 "Bills with him to a considerable A-
 "mount."

As when a Whirlwind bursts from its Cavern, and suddenly overturns every Thing in its Way; so did Reason fall before the Rage which Jealousy kindled in my Bosom.—Ungrateful Man! said I, never more shall he behold the injured and unfortunate Clara—I will fly, I will go far distant from him. Nor shall my dear Son be subjected to the imperious Wretch who now triumphs in my Miseries! No, we will go. Virtue and Innocence will attend us.—Bromley now made his Appearance—He pitied my Distraction, owned himself too well convinced, and

professed himself at a Loss how to advise.
 —Advice, Sir, returned I, is not required.
 My Resolution is fixed. I will instantly
 prepare to leave this Country.

“Ill-fated, and ungenerous Beville!”
 said his Friend, “to drive the injured
 Clara to this rash, but perhaps necessary
 Step. I must own, Madam, your Hus-
 band has proved unworthy your Love
 or Esteem. Go then, Madam, and al-
 low me to prove myself your Friend.—
 Permit me to be your Protector.”

Not for the Universe, said I, should
 you be the Partner of my Flight—How-
 ever unworthy my Husband be of my
 Love, my Heart cannot forget its Love
 to Virtue, and I cannot bear a Suspicion
 to the contrary, I will only ask your Ad-
 vice, as to the Manner of my proceeding
 to the Continent. I have some Property
 of my own to depend on, enough for me
 and the dear Boy who will partake my
 Solitude—

Solitude—Farewell, Sir, may your Friend see the Error in which he is now engaged.

I bade my Nurse, who had always lived with me, to pack up my Jewels, &c.—She obeyed me with Reluctance, not knowing the Reason of my hasty Resolves.

Resentment seemed to give me Wings, and I made a very quick Journey to Brussels.—I left a Letter for my Husband, upbraiding him with his Infidelity, and assuring him of my unalterable Determination of seeing him no more.—And here, my dear Madam, must I beg Leave to say, that I arrived fatigued in Mind and Body.—Reflection took Place; and I could not forbear wondering at the Celerity which had conducted me into a foreign Country; yet I still thought I was perfectly right in the Measures which I had taken; and I began to form Plans for my future Conduct. I even seemed to enjoy the Superiority which Virtue, even when suffering, justly

justly challenges over Vice. Alas! Madam, short was my Triumph. What remains to be told you proved the Source of all my present Distress; but my Spirits are too much exhausted to relate to you the Sequel. On your next Return, I will proceed with my Story: Though you will have Reason to blame, yet you will also pity me. On your kind and consoling Friendship I must depend in a Matter so very near my Heart. I gave the Lady every Assurance in my Power.

I left her with Concern, and you may be assured I was impatient to receive the Sequel of her Story; when I should be able to form a Judgment, how far it might be in my Power to serve her. Mr. Margrove felt much Compassion on hearing me relate the unhappy Lady's Situation, and requested that I would again repeat to her our sincere and friendly Offers.

IN CONTINUATION.

I again waited on Mrs. Beville. Her pale and languid Countenance did not encourage me to hope for an Amendment in her Health; yet her Looks appeared more composed and resigned. I began the Conversation by saying, that I had a very great Favour to request of her. She begged me to name it. That you will remove to my House, Madam. Mr. Margrove joins in this Request—I can then be more attentive to you, therefore you must not refuse. Her Gratitude seemed too much for Utterance. She consented to remove—and then resumed her Narrative.

You will recollect that I was applauding the Rectitude of my own Conduct—Full of such Thoughts as reconciled me to every Inconveniency, I was one Day deeply ruminating, when (my Servant being gone out) I was informed that a Gentleman

man begged to speak with me. Before I could return an Answer, Bromley made his Appearance. I was surpris'd at seeing him, and so much disconcerted, that I knew not what to say to him : But how great was my Astonishment, my Terror, and Indignation, when he inform'd me, that Love had brought him to Brussels ! he dared to avow to me his detested and criminal Passion.

I had not Patience to listen to the insulting Wretch. I hastily interrupted his odious Flattery by asking him how he dared to insult my Misfortunes by such an Address ; or even to suppose I could be such an unworthy Wretch. My just Resentment has indeed urg'd me to leave my still dear, though faithless Husband ; yet my Love of Virtue shall ever remain inviolable, and the only Favour I can entreat of Mr. Bromley, is to see his Face no more.—Recollect, Sir, I am the Wife of Beville, of your Friend—Be-gone,

gone, I beseech you! Your Presence is hateful to me. "So you hate me, Madam."—I do, Sir, and ever shall. An Injury can be sooner forgiven than an Insult—"And Hatred, Madam," said he, "with a malicious Smile, demands Revenge; and mine is already compleat—" Beville thinks you have eloped with me, I have taken Care he should think so." Barbarous, inhuman Monster, returned I, thou hast undone my hitherto spotless Fame!—Fly, or thou wilt provoke me to forget myself in order to take Vengeance on such a horrid Monster.—"One Word more," said he, "before I remove the hated Bromley from your Sight—Know to your Confusion, that no Person rivalled you in Beville's Affection—His Journey was for the romantic Purpose of relieving a Friend." So saying, he flung a Letter on the Table, and then left the Room.

But O! Madam, to paint the Horror,
the

the Distraction of my Mind is impossible. Jealousy, baneful Passion had undone me—and had also ruined my Reputation, and brought Shame and Sorrow on the Heart of my dear Beville. My Nurse, who now became too sensible of the unfortunate Circumstances of my Flight, and the Evils attending it, endeavoured to compose and sooth the Ravings of my Despair.—My Son, my dear Augustus seemed a continual Reproach to me. My whole misguided Conduct passed in Review to my disturbed Imagination. Jealousy had rendered me credulous and indiscreet, as well in the Choice of my Confidants, as in the precipitate Manner of my Journey.

Beville had but too much Reason to think me guilty; for Appearances were too strongly against me. In a Word, to return was impossible, and to remain in Brussels, where the Malice of Bromley might still pursue me, was dangerous—I became ill: I wept incessantly.—I had,
however,

however the Consolation of receiving Pity. A young Lady, who lodged in the same House, came to me, and accosted me in the following Manner: "You weep, Madam," said she. "You are unhappy. "I wish it were in my Power to sooth your "Woes."—Madam, I returned, it is impossible. My Sorrows do not admit of Consolation—"yet," said the amiable Victoria, "allow me to sympathize with you"—Her Looks, her Manner, bespoke the Sincerity of her Intentions—She sat whole Days with me, and to her I related my hapless Story. Her Tears flowed with mine—Her Efforts to console me saved me perhaps from the sad Effects of Despair. I warned her against Jealousy, and begged her, if such a Passion should approach her susceptible Heart, to recollect the unfortunate Clara Beville.

On opening the Letter which Bromley left, I found the Cause of my Husband's Absence. Too late did I discover the

Vol. I. I Reason

Reason for which he promised to account; yet I could not avoid blaming him for not letting me know the whole Matter.—Generous and ever-dear Beville, thou now reckonest thy Clara among the Number of those unhappy Women, who have for ever forfeited the Esteem of the World, and even of their own Hearts!

Victoria would fain have accompanied me; but I would not permit her to leave her Parents for a Wretch like me. I tore myself from this Friend to Misery, who from the Goodness of her Heart had deprived herself of every Amusement to pity me. I came hither without being able to determine on any Thing—My Health declines fast. My Son! my dear Augustus! when I think of thee, a Stranger, an unhappy Stranger in a foreign Land.

Will you, Madam, said I, consider me as your Friend? Will you accept my offered Protection? Mr. Margrove is as ready

ready as myself to prove the Sincerity of our Professions. We will send to England; we will endeavour to reconcile Mr. Beville; and you shall remain with us: Be careful of your Health: At all Events your Son shall not want Protection.

Were I capable of receiving Consolation, returned Mrs. Beville, I should be encouraged to hope for every Thing from your generous Offers; but alas! Madam, I can never hope Mr. Beville will be reconciled. The World believes me criminal. Noble-minded as he is, yet his Notions of Honour are nice, and his Temper firm. No, Madam, I have forfeited all Pretensions to Happiness in this World. My only Care now must be for my Son.—Your kind Assurances give Ease to my afflicted Heart—Virtues like your's will surely be rewarded. I will remove when you think proper. Your Friendship is my only Resource.—I was glad to receive her Assent, and immediately made

Preparations for her Reception.—Mr. Margrové was much affected at beholding the sad Ravages which Grief had made in the beauteous Form of the unfortunate Mrs. Beville; and it was with real Concern I beheld her declining State. Every Day she became more dear to me. She had erred indeed, but it was a Fault of the Head. Victim as she was to this fatal Error, her Heart had never once revolted against Virtue.—A thousand Times did she repeat to me her earnest Wish, that Mr. Beville might one Day be convinced of her Innocence. Our Accounts from England were truly affecting. Mr. Beville had left the Kingdom, and the Place of his Retreat was unknown. Mrs. Beville's Guilt was fully believed, which had obliged her Husband to exile himself.—She heard the sad Account with more Calmness and Resignation than I could expect.

Taking you, my dear Augustus, in her
Arms:

Arms:—"This Child, Madam, must be
 "your's; you will train him to Virtue,
 "you will protect him from Evil, and
 "you will continue your Inquiries for his
 "injured Father. O could I indulge the
 "Hope, that the Memory of his Clara
 "would one Day be rendered less hateful
 "to him; that he would embrace his Son,
 "and pay the Tribute of a Tear to his
 "misguided, yet faithful Clara—I should
 "be happy! Say, my dear Emma, will
 "you be a Mother to my Augustus? will
 "you, and will Mr. Margrove receive the
 "precious Deposit? Shall he stand in
 "this Relation to you, at least until you
 "can discover Mr. Beville's Retreat?"

Yes, my dear Clara, said Mr. Margrove,
 we will receive the dear Boy; we are your
 Friends; but you will affect me too much
 if you can doubt my Word.

"It is enough, my dear Friends, I am
 "contented: Augustus is your's—May

“his Heart be inspired with Virtue, and
“then he will be grateful!”

Let me not wound your Heart too deeply, my dear adopted Son. Let me only say, I was soon obliged to become your Protector. The Death of the amiable Mrs. Beville affected us very much. We repeated our fruitless Inquiries. Sincerely did I deplore the fatal Error, which had disturbed the Happiness of Persons so worthy of each other. How much, and how often have I reflected on the sad Events, which were so quickly brought about by the Suggestions of Jealousy.—How apt are we to trust too often to Appearances, which prove to be fallacious; and how ready, on many Occasions are designing and unworthy Persons to work upon the Credulous!

By all the Accounts I received from Mrs. Beville, her generous and unsuspicious Husband, although he did not intirely
approve

approve of some Levities in Bromley's Conduct, yet he never once imagined that it proceeded from the Badness of his Heart: he thought him gay and unthinking, yet honourable and friendly. His criminal Passion for Mrs. B—— called forth the bad Qualities of his Heart.

With what Pleasure do I acknowledge that your youthful Mind always promised to prove a Soil friendly to Virtue. Your innocent Looks, unconscious of your Misfortunes, are often present to my Memory—For some Time you would inquire for your Mother—You were, however, too young to recollect. The Memory in Infancy receives Impressions of Images, such as a Dream presents, which quickly dissolve and fade away.

We were not blessed with Children of our own, and you became every Day more dear to us. We formed the Resolution of calling you our Son, for which Purpose
we

we left France, but did not return to England for some Years—We called you by our Name. Mr. Margrove found much Pleasure in attending to your Education, and I felt for you all the Tenderneſs of a Mother. Your Improvements in every Thing praiſe-worthy exceeded our moſt ſanguine Expectations, and we had often the Happineſs of hearing you propoſed as an Example to others. We could not conſent to damp your Spirits by telling you, Auguſtus, you were not our Son. Perhaps it may be neceſſary one Day to give you this Information, for which Reaſon I have written this brief Account.

You will from the Goodneſs of your Heart ſuppoſe your Obligations to be very great to us. No, Auguſtus, the Obligations are reciprocal. Your Duty and Affection, joined to your virtuous Conduct, has promoted our Happineſs, while it gained you the Applauſe of our Friends. I am not ſo ſelfiſh, as not to wiſh you to behold

behold your Father, though I confess there appears little Probability of such an Event. Be that as it may, I cannot relinquish our Claim to your Affection: Nor can I suppose you will forget the Person who loved you with maternal Tenderness. Such Sentiments you have always merited

From your truly affectionate

EMMA MARGROVE.

LETTER XVI.

GEORGE MARGROVE

TO

AUGUSTUS.

NOW, Augustus, you have received the Account which was always meant for you at some proper Time—You will find by Letters I have received from England, that I have some Reason to suppose your
Father

Father is still living. In what Place is however quite uncertain. The Attachment you mentioned to me would have met my Approbation; but if your Father should be found, his Consent is necessary.—From the Knowledge I have of your Disposition, you will spare no Pains to seek the injured Beville, whose Resentment will be effaced by your Merit—However, as the Prospect is rather against your finding him—I recommend to you not to extend your Travels too far—Perhaps the Information I have lately received is vague and uncertain; therefore do not exceed the Bounds of Discretion. We have lived together, Augustus, like Friends—and we have given an Example, I trust, in our Characters as Father and Son.—My Fortune is your's without any Restrictions; for I do not think any necessary.—You will always love Virtue, and follow her Dictates; and if so, you will do all that is wished for by your truly affectionate

GEORGE MARGROVE.

Eugene,

Eugene, can you enough admire the honoured, the generous Guardians of my Youth? Can you at the same Time help deploring the Indiscretions which deprived me of my Parent's Care, and destroyed, in the Bloom of Years, the unfortunate Clara Beville? Forget my Benefactors. No, that is impossible. I shall ever revere the Memory of those who befriended my infant State, and guided my maturer Age: Yes, Margrove, my Friend, my more than Father, thy Memory will ever be revered by the Son of thy Adoption—Yet Duty and Inclination now incite me to search for a Father whose Heart has been so severely tortured. Unsuccessful as my Pursuit may prove, I shall be more satisfied when I have followed the Impulse of filial Affection. I will even forego the dearest Object of my Heart, without even telling her how sincerely I love—without even telling you. Her dear Idea shall travel with me, while perhaps she never hardly thinks of the wandering Augustus

Margrove.

Margrove. If I fail of Success, I mean not to assume my real Name. I shall give you very particular Accounts of my Adventures, and you must not fail of giving me a very particular Account of every Thing that concerns your Family.

I shall appoint a proper Place where you may address me, that your Letters may be always forwarded to your affectionate

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE.

Antoinette, I have obeyed your Commands—Poor Margrove! May Success attend his Journey! I very much doubt, yet I cannot blame him—I condemn, and yet I pity his Mother. I admire his foster Parents, and I am very much interested on his Account—I leave you to make proper Comments. Adelaide has wept for him, and often says; alas! poor Margrove. His Story is however unknown to our Cousin and his Friend; yet, as my
Sister

Sister is often lamenting him, they judge he is unfortunate. De Biron seems quite dispirited. This sad Revolution makes him unhappy. He often receives Letters from France, but cannot expect any pleasing Accounts from that distracted Kingdom, where all Order is finally demolished. Monsieur D——, notwithstanding his natural Gaiety, is sensible to the Calamities of his Country: So, for one Reason or another, I think I am grown almost as serious as Adelaide, or her Sister Antoinette.—Eugene would have persuaded Margrove to remain at Zurich, and content himself with writing, and is vexed that he did not arrive sooner. I requested my Brother to ask Margrove who is the Lady on whom he has bestowed his Heart.—By no means, he said, and was quite surpris'd that I should give him such Advice. Well, as you please, Monsieur. If the Gentleman had honoured me with his Correspondence, I should see no Impropropriety in asking such Questions.

Now are you not very much obliged to me for writing to you so often? Among all the fair Shepherdesses of Berne, Antoinette is the most esteemed

By her affectionate

MATILDA VILLEROI.

LETTER XVII.

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON

TO

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

Zurich.

EUGENE Villeroi arrived here a few Days since, to the great Joy of his Mother and her Family. Mr. Stanley received the Youth, whose Mind he had so carefully trained to every Thing virtuous, with the utmost Pleasure. I was introduced to him by Madame Villeroi, as a Relation of

of her's; and the next Day she gave him the inclosed brief Narrative, merely to convince her Family, as she observed, how much Reason they had to love and respect the Son of such faithful Friends.— Villeroi embraced me, and called me by the endearing Name of Brother, while the Memory of his brave and worthy Father caused a Tear to steal down his Cheek.— My Heart felt the same Emotion. Madame V—— was very much affected.— Mr. Stanley reminded us, that the only Way to evince our Regard for the Memory of our lamented Fathers, was to imitate their Example, by observing the same virtuous Conduct, and the same generous and disinterested Friendship.

For my own Part, I am very much prejudiced in Favour of this young Soldier, and I am quite certain that you, were you present, would have the same favourable Impression of his Merit. I think, Sandy, in Stature and Person, he very much re-

seembles you. His Air and Manner are quite in the military Stile; and while his Looks seem to bespeak him bold and intrepid, his Eyes notwithstanding beam with Good-nature and Sensibility. I had soon Occasion to remark this on beholding his Concern for his Friend Margrove.

The Merit of this highly-favoured young Man is often mentioned by Eugene, and confirmed by all the Family. Adelaide speaks of her Brother's Friend with so much Compassion, that I have much ado to repel the Approaches of Envy, which would fain get Entrance to my Heart.—Hence, baleful and unmanly Passion! If I must be unhappy, it shall not be by thy Means—Thou hast done Mischief enough to a whole Empire. Thy Votaries take a malicious Delight to invert the beautiful Order of Nature, and to violate the Laws of a bountiful and merciful Creator: Therefore I will guard against the most diabolical of Passions.

Mr.

Mr. Stanley having long entertained a Wish to return to England, Eugene has been consulted, who is all Obedience to every Request his Guardian can make.— Mr. Stanley having also in the most generous and friendly Manner desired me to consider myself under his Protection, expects that I will, with Henry D——, accompany him to England—As to Henry, I fancy he has some Hopes of being allied to the Family—He very frankly confessed to me his Love for Matilda. I desired he would immediately declare himself to Madame Villeroi, and Mr. Stanley.— This he has done, and having obtained a favourable Answer from the Lady's Mother and her Guardian, and having besides no Reason to imagine that Matilda has any Aversion from him, he has written to Monsieur D——, so that Love is not likely to be to him unpropitious.

Were it not for Fear of disobliging Mr. Stanley, I would hasten to you. Say every

Thing affectionate and respectful for me to my worthy Friends at Clydesdale.— Desire Mr. Sinclair to attend Miss Macintosh, while you read the inclosed Narrative. You can always recollect my Mother, and will allow she was no Disgrace to the Name of Sophia.

The Narrative of Madame Villeroi.

THE following Narrative is dictated by Gratitude, which obliges me to recall past Occurrences, that will renew in my Mind painful Sensations. I must therefore be as brief as possible.

My Father, whose Name was Meadows, was the youngest Brother of a Baronet, and was fixed in the mercantile Line; in which his Success was very great. Sir William rejoiced at his Brother's Prosperity, and the most perfect Harmony always subsisted between them. Sir William married about two Years before his Brother;

ther; so that my Cousin Sophia was something elder than myself. My Mother did not long survive my Birth. My Father, who tenderly loved her, was quite inconsolable. Sir William did every Thing to comfort his Brother, and the Care of me was undertaken by Lady Meadows. And, indeed, she equally divided her Attentions between her Sophia and myself: Thus were our infant Years passed together—My worthy Uncle and his amiable Lady beheld with Pleasure the sincere Affection that their Sophia entertained for me.

My Father had retired from Business. The lenient Hand of Time, joined to the kind Endeavours of his Friend, had in some Measure soothed his Sorrow. Thus happily did our Time glide on, until my Cousin attained her tenth Year. Alas! on what slender Threads does all sublunary Felicity depend. Our's received the most sensible Interruption by the Death of Lady Meadows.—My dear Sophia lost her most
tender

tender and accomplished Mother, and I the tenderest Friend and Protectress.—My Father's Grief was renewed on this Occasion. His Regard for Lady Meadows was sincere, and indeed her amiable Virtues claimed the Love and Esteem of all her Friends. Sir William's Grief knew no Bounds. Their Union had been such as reflects Honour on the married State. They were both possessed of much Sensibility. Their Benevolence was extended to all within their Knowledge; and as they endeavoured to make all around them happy, they were deservedly so themselves. His Grief at this irreparable Loss was so poignant, that his Health began to decline. He soon became sensible that his Sophia would soon be an Orphan—He, therefore, in the most pathetic Manner, recommended her to his Brother.

“Henry,” said he, “you must supply
 “the Place of a Parent to my Sophia.—
 “To you I consign the precious Charge,
 “and

“and I have no Doubt of your parental
 “Care. Let not your Affection exceed
 “the Bounds of Reason. For my Sake
 “be more resigned.”

As I have promised Brevity in my Narrative, I must hasten to tell you, that my Father too soon became the Guardian of his Niece. Sir William died, and my Father, now Sir Henry, experienced once more that most heart-felt Affliction.—When the Paroxysm of his Grief had subsided, he called us to him, and tenderly embracing and weeping over us—“My
 “dear Children,” said he, “I am endeavouring to summon all the Resolutions in my Power to bear my Misfortunes with proper Fortitude. For your Sakes I make such Efforts: But I judge it
 “necessary to leave my native Country, where every Thing seems to remind me
 “of all I have lost. Tell me, then, will
 “will you accompany your Father into
 “France?—During my mercantile Transactions
 “actions

"actions I had Occasion to correspond
 "with many in that Country. Change
 "of Place may, perhaps, enable me to
 "pay that Attention I wish to my Sophia
 "and Caroline—Look upon me as your
 "Father and Friend, and freely tell me
 "your Sentiments on this and every other
 "Occasion."

We both readily assented to the Proposal Sir Henry had made. Indeed our young Minds were deeply impressed with Affliction, and we wished much to change the Scene.—Every Thing was soon settled for our leaving England. On our Arrival at Paris, Sir Henry took Methods of forming his little Household. As the Education of his Children was the principal Object, he endeavoured to inform himself in every Particular previous to our Settlement. The Convent of ——— was recommended to him. After some Stay in Paris, we were conducted thither by Sir Henry.—The Abbess (whose amiable

able Character we had heard from many respectable Persons) received us with much Politeness. Sir Henry seemed much pleased with the easy and chearful Manner of this Lady, so entirely free from that Sourness and Bigotry, too often attendant on her Order. Although my Father always disliked the Idea of a Nunnery, looking upon such Restraint and Confinement as repugnant to Reason, yet on making the proper Inquiries at this Convent, his Prejudices began to subside.— He considered it as a Seminary for our Education only, and as he resolved to superintend some Parts of our Improvements, our Residence at this Convent was only at stated Times. We were soon very comfortably settled. The Behaviour of the Abbess was affectionate and proper. A Number of very agreeable young Ladies boarded at the Convent, some of whom were permitted to accompany us to Paris. Sir Henry received much Satisfaction from every Improvement we made, and observed

ved with Pleasure that our mutual Friendship encreased with our Years. His Temper was open, generous, and unsuspecting. It is to be lamented, that Men of such excellent Dispositions are most easy to become the Dupes of those who are the Reverse of themselves, and who under false and specious Appearances conceal the blackest Villainy. This you will find I have experienced—But to return.—

Sir Henry made not the least Difference, but behaved with the same paternal Affection to Sophia and me. She had now compleated her eighteenth Year, when the Charms of her Mind and Person attracted the Regard of Monsieur De-Biron. As this Gentleman was possessed of a handsome Fortune, and supported a most unexceptionable Character, my Father was much delighted with the pleasing Prospect of bestowing his amiable Niece so much to her Advantage. He had the Satisfaction of seeing their Union take Place.—I
had

had every Reason to rejoice, since Monsieur De Biron declared the most perfect Esteem for the Friend of his Sophia, and expressed, on every Occasion, the Affection of a Brother.—Ah! little did I imagine that his Friendship would soon be my only Resource.

IN CONTINUATION.

Monsieur De Biron had chosen a military Employment, and had served in the Imperial Army. He often mentioned a Gentleman of the same Regiment, with whom he had contracted a strict Friendship. He drew a most pleasing Picture of his Friend Villeroi's Character, and as the Campaign was ended, expected his coming with Impatience—At length he arrived, and was received by De Biron with every Mark of Esteem. He introduced Monsieur V—— to my Father, as his much-valued Friend. Both Sophia and I were charmed with the polite Address and a-

greeable Manner of this young Soldier; and we could not wonder at the mutual Regard that subsisted between him and Monsieur De Biron. They were both universally admired—Monsieur V—— often visited at our House. My Father was much entertained with his sensible Conversation—Monsieur De Biron and his Lady were always considered as Part of our own Family. A more agreeable Party than our's could not be imagined. A painful Thought would indeed break in upon my Peace, as 'I too plainly saw Sir Henry's declining State of Health. I strove to hide my Feelings, and my Father endeavoured to appear with Chearfulness amidst his Complaints. Alas! a Complication of Disorders soon rendered the utmost Efforts of human Skill abortive.—His Constitution gradually sunk under the severe Pressure.

The Death of my most indulgent Parent almost deranged my Intellects. I

was

was insensible to every Thought, but that of deploring my irreparable Loss. The kind and soothing Consolations of my Friend De Biron and his Sophia, joined to the Attentions of Villeroi, had for a long While no Effect. They, however, persevered in using every Argument to reconcile my Mind. By Degrees I became convinced how unavailing this immoderate Indulgence of my Grief must ever be, and in some Measure I was restored to my former self. Monsieur Villeroi had long declared the most tender Regard for me, and both De Biron and Sophia warmly interested themselves in his Favour. My Heart had long been sensible of his Worth, and I was well convinced that Sir Henry had the highest Esteem for his Character. I was above the Affectation of denying my Sentiments: But as my Affairs remained in an unsettled State, excessive Grief having rendered me incapable of inquiring properly into my Concerns, I refused to bestow my Hand until every

Matter was adjusted. Sir Henry's Affairs were intrusted to a Monsieur Le Fort.

I have already said that my Father was open and unsuspecting, as well as sincere in all his Professions: He therefore believed that his Friend was actuated by the same Principles. Le Fort had the Address to make the World believe him a quite different Character from what he really was. His Reserve was taken for Prudence, and his Avarice was dignified with the Name of Economy. Indeed, all his bad Qualities were totally mistaken, and he passed through Life with the Respect and Credit due only to Wisdom and Goodness. By making my Father the most solemn Protestations of Friendship—in a fatal Hour he made an Assignment of his Affairs into the Hands of Le Fort,—Having gained this Point, the Villain determined to arrogate a Power over me which, I am persuaded, was never designed him. However, when he thought proper,

proper, he entered upon the Subject which he said had been deferred, as he judged me incapable to pay due Attention to all the Information he had to give.

“Mademoiselle,” continued Le Fort, “your Father has not only given me a Right to settle his Affairs, but even to dispose of your Person in the important Article of Marriage. I have therefore destined a Nephew of my own to receive the Honour of your Hand. I expect him very soon from Montpellier, where he resides; and doubt not that you will receive his Visits in the Character I have recommended.”

My Surprise was so great on this Occasion, that I hardly know what I said to him in Answer. I hastened to acquaint my dear Friends with my unhappy Situation. Their Consternation was very great. De Biron had long seen into the true Character of Le Fort, but, from Motives of

Tenderness for my Peace, had forbore to hint his Thoughts—Besides, the Influence of the Wretch I had to deal with, was very great at Court, and the oppressive and arbitrary Laws of France gave him too much Power to hurt me.

IN CONTINUATION.

After Le Fort's Avowal of his Authority and Intentions, he came often to my House under the Pretence of Business. He often met Villeroi and the rest of my Friends, and seemed to watch every Word, at the same Time giving Hints that he expected his Nephew, and for what Reason.—Villeroi was alarmed at this, and conjured me to explain this Discourse of Le Fort's. I was therefore under the Necessity of telling him all I had to apprehend from the bad Disposition of the most artful of Men, and that I doubted not but he would avail himself of my Refusal of his Nephew to deprive me of my Fortune, all of which
(my

(my Mother's Jointure excepted) lay too much in his Hands.

Villeroi was astonished at the Duplicity and Baseness of Le Fort, and most earnestly entreated that I would instantly give him a Right to become my Protector. In the most disinterested Manner he offered to settle his own Fortune on me, before he conducted me to the Altar, and endeavoured to convince me of the Necessity there now appeared for speedy Measures, since the Influence of my Enemy was so great, that he might even deprive me of personal Liberty under the Pretence of Disobedience.

Madame V——'s Narrative in Continuation.

I was, continued Madame Villeroi, much pleased with the generous and disinterested Conduct of my Lover: Yet still I could not imagine that Le Fort would carry such vile Measures into Practice; but a very little

little Time served to convince me, that my Enemy was capable of this, and even more. Le Fort expressed great Satisfaction on the Arrival of his Nephew. The young Man was introduced to me by his Uncle. Had my Affections been disengaged, Arnaud Le Fort would not have been the Person of my Choice. He seemed to me highly disagreeable both in Person and Manners. The Boldness and Assurance of his Address was really disgusting. I thought proper to expostulate with him, on his first mentioning the Subject, telling him, that, as it was impossible I could ever think of him in the Manner his Uncle expected, I hoped he would have Generosity enough to withdraw his Suit, and in that Case he might lay Claim to my sincerest Friendship. In a very ironical Manner he thanked me for my proffered Friendship. He could not accept the Conditions I had proposed, but must content himself with receiving my Hand and Fortune as the Gift of his Uncle, and in order to prevent
any

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON. 2117

any more disagreeable Altercation, &c. he should persuade Monsieur Le Fort to make the intended Present very soon.

I answered him rather contemptuously, that both his Uncle and himself were below my Notice, and that nothing should oblige me to form an Alliance with such Characters as their's. He left me in order to make his Report. The next Morning his Uncle paid me a Visit. Villeroi happened to call on me, impatient for my final Resolves. Le Fort was not restrained by his Presence; but upbraided me with all Arnaud had told him. I again declared my Aversion from his Nephew, and told him that my Resolution was fixed. He then lost all Patience, threatening me not only with the Loss of my Fortune, but of my Liberty also. Villeroi at this exclaimed—"Is there any Government so unjust or arbitrary, as to give a Sanction to such infamous Proceedings?"—Le Fort hastily interrupted him: "So
" then,

“then, Mademoiselle, your favoured Lover has spoken against the French Government. I shall take proper Notice of this Affair.” He spake this with a Look of such malignant Pleasure, as he left the Room, as terrified me very much. Villeroi did not seem much affected by his Threats. Conscious of his own Rectitude in every Part of his private and public Conduct, he imagined it to be impossible that he could incur Censure. He continued to persuade me to free myself from the Importunities of Le Fort, by giving him my Hand.

A few Days after the above Conversation with Le Fort, Monsieur De Biron called on me. He seemed in much Agitation, and inquired hastily for his Friend Villeroi, who presently joined us, when De Biron proceeded to tell us the Necessity there now appeared to be for Villeroi's immediate Departure from France; since he had been too well informed of Le Fort's

Fort's Machinations, that the hasty and indiscreet Expression used by his Friend had been aggravated by his inveterate Enemy, and that he was using all his Influence to obtain Lettres de Cachet in order to hurry Villeroi into the Bastile: He therefore conjured him to consult his Safety. Villeroi asserted his Innocence, and was willing to think Justice must forbid the Success of his Enemy. Talk not of Justice, replied De Biron, few are the Victims she sends to that dreary Abode which even the Voice of Friendship cannot penetrate.

The Narrative continued.

Ah! Madam, continued De Biron, use your Influence on this Occasion: Persuade my Friend to this necessary, though painful Separation. Alas! to what do you persuade me, returned Villeroi, to leave my Friends, and to abandon the dearest Person to me in the World, to leave her in
the

the Power of such hardened and treacherous Monsters! No, let me stay and vindicate my injured Character, let me convince the vile Le Fort, how much I despise his Malice, and scorn his base Assertions.—Fruitless are the Attempts of Vindication, replied De Biron, when no Opportunity is allowed for that Purpose; and it is for that Reason the Bastile receives so many devoted Victims. The Perturbation of my Mind had kept me silent. I now hastily exclaimed, let us instantly prepare for our Departure from France. I am determined to accompany Villeroy, if he will accept my Hand under my present Circumstances. A great Part of my Fortune will become the Prey of my Enemies; however, my Property in England is perfectly safe, and moderate as our Fortune may be, our own conscious Innocence will afford us more Satisfaction than our Enemies can ever hope to experience from the Plunder and Spoils which they have obtained by Fraud and Rapacity.

Will

Will you then permit me to be a Shareer in that Fortune, and a Companion in that Exile, which takes it Rise from your Regard for me? My dear Eugene, it is impossible to express with what grateful Acknowledgments V—— received my Proposition. De Biron declared his entire Approbation, and instantly made the necessary Preparations, that our Union might take place in the most private Manner.— He foresaw the Persecutions to which I must remain exposed, were I to continue within the Reach and Power of Le Fort. The Ceremony of our Marriage was performed in the Presence of De Biron and his Sophia. The Moment it was ended, Villeroi, accompanied by his Friend, left Paris; it being agreed I should remain for some little Time, till I could get a convenient Opportunity to escape without Suspicion. My kind and affectionate Sophia was obliged to leave me in order to get every Thing ready for my intended Journey.

Thus left to my own Reflections, I endeavoured to collect all the Fortitude in my Power. I felt much Consolation at Villeroi's having escaped the impending Danger. The Horrors of the Bastile rose to my Imagination, and I figured to myself how dreadful must have been my Situation, had Villeroi been immured within its frightful and dreary Walls. I considered the Mutability of human Affairs, and the Impossibility of human Foresight, since the very Means my worthy Parent had adopted to secure my Property, and to give me a Friend, had been productive of the contrary Effect.

When I reflected on my Oppressor's Conduct, I almost pitied him for violating the Rights of Friendship and of Virtue, and reserving for himself the keenest Remorse, and all the Horrors which guilty Minds must, in the Sequel, certainly feel; in a Word, I was, and am still convinced, that Innocence is our greatest Possession,
since

since it enables us to bear those Evils we cannot avoid, and emboldens us to make our Appeal, and to place our Confidence, where the impious and guilty dare not approach.

I had soon Reason to rejoice at Villeroi's seasonable Escape, since a few Hours longer would have been fatal to his Liberty.— Le Fort finding himself disappointed, loaded me with Invectives, and declared, that if I did not comply with his Request in Favour of his Nephew, I should pass the Remainder of my Days in a Convent. I made no Reply to his Threats. De Biron returned, having left his Friend in a safe Retreat, and being determined to conduct me thither himself the first favourable Opportunity that offered. I bade Adieu to my dear Sophia. Our parting affected us both beyond Expression. She obliged me to accept her Pocket-book in which were Bank Notes to a considerable Amount.

Think what my Mind felt at leaving the dear Friend and Companion of my Youth. Having with De Biron arrived at the Place where Villeroi waited for us, we instantly formed our Plan of escaping to England. The parting of such affectionate Friends can be better imagined than described. De Biron was obliged to leave us, and a favourable Wind soon wafted us to England.

On our Arrival, Villeroi could not help exclaiming: "Hail! thou Land of Liberty, which gave Birth to my dearest Caroline. Under thy mild and equitable Laws and well-poised Government I shall remain secure. I shall not here be condemned unheard. Here I shall find an Afylum from the unjust Persecution which has constrained me to quit my native Country."

In the North of England we hired an agreeable little Villa. As it was remote from

from any Town, we had only a few Neighbours, but they proved exceedingly good ones. It was here, my dear Son, your Father contracted the most intimate Acquaintance, and the most perfect Friendship with the Reverend Mr. Stanley.— There was a Sympathy in their Dispositions, and the same amiable Virtues informed their Minds. They were, in the full Sense of the Word, Friends. Nothing was wanting to make me compleatly happy, but the Presence of my dear Sophia and her Adolphus, but that I could not expect. It was with great Caution we corresponded. We wished to conceal ourselves from the Knowledge of Le Fort.— We had now been some Time settled in our peaceful Retirement, when by Letters from De Biron we found that he was obliged to return to Germany. Sophia lamented her Inability to come to England, and sent me her Picture; the same which so happily led to the Discovery of her Son. She wrote to me on her Arrival at Vienna,

mentioned our Affairs with less Caution than usual, and the Packet appeared to have been opened. However, to my great Concern, I received no Answer to any of my Letters after that Period. I imputed this new Vexation to the Machinations of my vindictive Adversary. V—— and his worthy Friend said every Thing in their Power to sooth my Anxiety.

Another unexpected Change was now about to take Place in our Situation. A Friend of Mr. Stanley's, who died in the East-Indies, had bequeathed him a large Fortune. It was, however, necessary that he should go thither, and settle the Business in Person. From the Moment Mr. Stanley mentioned the Necessity of taking this Voyage, Villeroi appeared pensive and dejected. To dissuade his Friend from going were to advise him to act against his Interest. Besides, though his Circumstances were, in his present State, very easy for a Man of his philosophic Turn, yet it
was

was not enough for the liberal and generous Sentiments of his Mind. To wipe off the Tears of Affliction and Distress, to raise the Unfortunate, and to encourage the Industrious, were Employments which afforded him the sublimest Pleasure.

I conjured Villeroi to tell me the Source of his Dejection. "Caroline," said he, "will you pardon what I am going to propose? You shall, however, be my Arbitress in this and every other Matter; but tell me, ought I to lead a supine and inactive Life, when the Claims of you and my dear Son, (you were then, Eugene, an Infant) ought to excite me to make a proper Provision for you. An Opportunity now offers. Mr. Stanley is about to leave us. Were I to accompany him, perhaps I may find Employment, which I may with Propriety accept. My Sword shall be drawn where I think the Cause to be just, but never to aid Rapine or Injustice. Can you consent

"to

“to a Separation?” No, Eugene, I cannot; but if it appear necessary, I will go with you—nay, do not make Objections, nor tell me either of sultry Climates, or any other Obstacles. Your Eugene and I will be your Companions in this Voyage. Villeroi said every Thing that Love and Gratitude can suggest. Mr. Stanley, when I had given my Reasons, approved of my Resolution.

We left England, and after a prosperous Voyage arrived at Bengal. It would take up too much Time, were I to relate the Events which happened to us, during several Years Residence in different Parts of India. I will therefore only tell you, that Villeroi always engaged himself in the Service of such Princes who did not engage in War, merely to gratify Ambition, but from the justifiable Motives of securing themselves, and protecting their Subjects.—Time, instead of lessening the Friendship of him and Mr. Stanley, rather served

served to encrease their Affection and Esteem for each other. Duty and Affection towards the most amiable of Men, as well as the best of Husbands, reconciled me to every Change of Events, except my Fears for Villeroi's Safety: This was a continual Source of Anxiety to my Mind. Victory for a long While was his constant Attendant. The Rajahs testified their Gratitude by loading him with Presents, and amongst such Rewards were a Number of Slaves. These he liberated, retaining only such as he approved among his domestic Servants. The Benignity of his Disposition could not bear the Thought of Slavery, which he considered as both unjust and inhuman.

Among the Number of these Captives was a young Indian, who seemed to possess a great Share of Sensibility, and to have an intelligent and improveable Mind.— To this Youth Villeroi not only offered his Freedom, but added a Present to enable

ble him to return Home. Instead of receiving these Offers with Joy, he seemed overwhelmed with Affliction, and earnestly entreated to remain with his Benefactor.

Selim, said his Master, (for such was his Name) you are free; but if it be your Inclination, I accept your Service; yet remember, it is always in your own Power to return Home. This was received with the utmost Gratitude. His future Behaviour convinced Villeroi, that his Opinion was well founded, and that the good or bad Qualities of the human Mind are not confined to Difference of Complexion or Climate.

Eugene, you were now the Hope and Delight of your Father, who beheld with Pleasure your Readiness to improve, and receive the Instructions of Mr. Stanley, who had, from Motives of Friendship, taken upon himself the Care of your Education. Your Sisters were young, Antoinette

nette being yet an Infant, when Villeroi was again summoned to the Field of Battle. The Rajah, to whose Service he belonged, requested his Aid. His Country was ravaged by the unjust Invasion of the Enemy. I determined to accompany him, and Mr. Stanley took the same Resolution. By his Advice, you and your Sisters were conveyed to a Place of Security. We soon joined the Army. Many were the Attacks, which continually filled my Mind with inexpressible Fears. Both Armies made Preparations for a more regular and decisive Engagement. When the Time arrived, I said every Thing my Fears could suggest, to deter my Eugene from going to the Field. But alas! in vain. His Honour was too far engaged to grant my Request. He went, and headed the Soldiers, who almost adored their Commander. Animated by his Example they attacked the Enemy with such Courage, that Victory was on the Point of declaring once more in their Favour.

I re-

I remained in a distant Tent eagerly inquiring and seeking for Intelligence.— Too soon alas ! I overheard the sad Account, that the brave, the amiable Villeroi had fallen, having received a mortal Wound in the very Moment of Victory, and that his faithful Selim, in bringing off his Master's Body, was desperately wounded.

At this dreadful Relation, Horror pervaded my Senses; all I could think or say were the Dictates of Distraction and Despair. Mr. Stanley, whose Grief was unspeakable, but whose Fortitude was greater than mine, in vain endeavoured to console me. He judged it proper to put me under a Kind of Confinement, to prevent my going to the Tent of my dearest Villeroi. For many Days he left me to the first Emotions of my Sorrow; when, to his great Concern, the Effects of my Grief took a more alarming Turn. I remained silent. Tears were denied me.—

At

At length Selim appeared before me.—He approached me in Silence. His Looks indicated unutterable Woe. The Tears, which streamed in Abundance from his Eyes, seemed to awaken me from my Stupor. He kneeled before me—I held out my Hand, which he bathed with his Tears. Mine too found Vent—I bade him to relate every Circumstance. I listened—I wept—It was a Relief. Ah! Madam, said the faithful Selim, it was my honoured and beloved Master's Charge to me, a few Moments before the Engagement began, to request you to summon all your Fortitude, should he fall; tell her my Children must claim her Attention. Mr. Stanley entered my Apartment. He bade my Servants to bring my Daughters. He presented my Eugene. These, Madam, said he, pointing to my Children, are the best Arguments for your Endeavours to suppress, or at least moderate your unavailing Grief, and to excite your Fortitude. Ah! my generous Friend, returned I, we

must leave Indostan. Not all the Wealth of India could tempt me to continue here. In that, said he, you shall be gratified, and I will accompany you. My dear Friend has appointed me a Guardian to his Children, in which Trust he has joined you. I will prepare for our leaving this Country, and the Choice of our future Residence shall be left to you.

Mr. Stanley soon gat every Thing ready. The Rajah loaded us with valuable Presents; but ah! nothing could compensate for the Loss I had sustained. We bade Adieu to the sultry Plains of Indostan,—Selim requested to remain in my Service. He was faithful to his generous Benefactor, and all his Conduct has evinced the Goodness of his Disposition. As I had lost my Friends in England, and had never heard from my dear Sophia, it was a Matter of Indifference in what Part of Europe we settled. Mr. Stanley chose the Place of our present Residence.

Thus,

Thus, Eugene, have I brought this Narrative to a Conclusion. My Mind will ever retain the Traces which Grief has made. My greatest Consolation is, that my Children are worthy of their truly amiable Father. May the Friendship, which subsisted between him and the Father of Monsieur De Biron, be renewed in their Children. Love, Gratitude, and Esteem for the dear Friends I have lost, make me rejoice in the Discovery of this excellent young Man. Mr. Stanley has the highest Opinion of his Merit, which, I think, is saying every Thing in his Favour; and, Adolphus, permit me to remind you, that Eugene Villeroi and Adolphus de Biron were the sincere Friends of Virtue, and of each other.

That you may imitate their Example, is the sincere Wish and Prayer of

CAROLINE VILLEROI.

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LETTER XVIII.

ALEXANDER BRUCE

TO

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

YOUR Letter with the inclosed Narrative came safe to Hand. You will not be displeased, when I tell you that I read your Dispatches to our Family. You know how much my Aunt respected your Mother. Captain M—— joined in applauding the generous and friendly Behaviour of your Parents towards the brave, yet unfortunate Villeroi, and his amiable Lady, whose Conduct, through so many Vicissitudes of Fortune, does her Honour. My Uncle has great Veneration for Mr. Stanley, and begs to be ranked among the Number of his Friends.

I am perhaps deservedly unhappy; yet do not blame me too severely, but indulge my Complaints. To subdue my Affection
for

for Sophia will, I fear, be impossible; and were I to fulfil my Engagements to Euphemia I must be wretched; but were I even at Liberty to follow my Inclination, I now find I have a Rival: This Intelligence I learnt at a Ball, where I again saw Miss Campbell. The Gentleman who attended her, is a Person of Fortune and Character, and perfectly agreeable to her Family; yet it is supposed, that Mr. Rivers is not approved of as a Lover by Sophia. You may imagine the Disquiet of my Mind, during the Evening, and my Perplexity was much augmented by the Arrival of Miss Mac Intosh.

Where is now, Adolphus, our once boasted Freedom and Gaiety? What have we now to write, but the Vexations arising from disappointed Love? Euphemia is my Aunt's Guest, and good Manners obliges me to pay her Attention,—De Biron, let us change the Subject, as often as possible, for be assured I can judge

how unhappy you are by my own Heart.
My Uncle sends for me: I will return to
you presently.

"Bruce," said Captain M——, "you
"are writing, I suppose, to Adolphus; I
"therefore request your Friend will oblige
"me so far, as to ask Mr. Stanley's Opi-
"nion of the Slave Trade. I am not
"fond of Disputation, yet a very worthy
"Friend of mine having differed with me
"in Opinion on the Subject of that un-
"natural Traffic, I am not willing to give
"up the Argument, until I have Mr.
"Stanley's Thoughts on the Matter."

I know you will not refuse to oblige the
Captain: Nor will Mr. Stanley object to
give his Sentiments, which you will trans-
mit

To your affectionate

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

LET-

LETTER XIX.

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON

TO

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

THE Commands of Captain M— are always received by me with Pleasure. I communicated his Request to Mr. Stanley, who said that he would do himself the Honour of writing to your Uncle. I shall inclose his Letter.

My Friend, I sympathize but too much with you; for my Share of Vexation is greater than your's. Since Mr. Rivers is not agreeable to Sophia, you may remain, in some Degree, a Stranger to the tormenting Thoughts inspired by Jealousy. Being desirous of shewing my Readiness to oblige Captain M——, I must drop my Pen, as Mr. Stanley has sent me his Letter.

Believe me to be your's sincerely,

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LET.

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L E T T E R XX.

THE REVEREND MR. STANLEY

TO

CAPTAIN M——.

YOU do me much Honour in requesting my Opinion, which I shall give you with Truth and Sincerity; and I shall on this, and every other Occasion, be glad if my Sentiments meet with Capt. M——'s Concurrence.

The Advocates for the Slave Trade, among other Reasons, always take Notice of that Ferocity and savage Disposition which marks the Character of the miserable Africans. But is not this Revenge, this savage Ferocity, of which they complain, human Nature when exhibited in its worst and most sanguinary Colours? And, that it has been too often exercised among Nations, who were accounted civilized and refined, when compared to the unhappy

happy Beings in Question, the Annals of History fully demonstrate. But why should we have Recourse to History?—Has not the most refined and polite Nation in Europe afforded many melancholy Instances, that such Qualities are inherent in human Nature? Have the most sacred Places proved a Sanctuary against the Rage of Faction? Have not brutal Outrages, and inhuman Murders been committed on the most inoffensive Part of the Community, on peaceable Ecclesiastics and defenceless Females, and these too exalted as much by their Merit as their Rank, for no other Crime but Loyalty to their King? Have not these Enormities been perpetrated with Impunity? The Facts are too recent to be denied, and too shocking to be palliated. As this must be granted, where is our boasted Superiority? And as these fellow Mortals are endowed by the divine Author of all Nature with the same Faculties which we enjoy, so they ought in some Degree to be admitted to
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the Rights which belong to reasonable Beings. Their Minds ought to be enlightened by Instruction, and their Industry promoted by Encouragement: And they should no longer be prompted to deliver each other to the Chains of Slavery for the Purposes of cultivating the Luxuries of Life.

The only Quarter from whence they can hope for Redress, is Great-Britain: The Nature and Extent of Liberty is there perfectly understood; and as the stately Oaks which adorn her Forests are matured by Time, and acquire Firmness from successive Ages; so has the Constitution of that Empire arrived, by slow Degrees, to a Perfection and Stability which excites the Envy and Admiration of surrounding Nations. I therefore am induced to hope, that the Time is not far distant, when the Wisdom of her august Senate will emancipate this Part of Mankind from the Ignominy of being treated worse than the brute

brute Creation. In my Opinion the Debates on this Subject do great Honour to the British Nation, and place the Character of the Minister in the fairest Point of View. This illustrious Statesman possesses all these good Qualities of Heart which are necessary to form a truly noble and virtuous Character; and therefore when the Rights of Humanity became the Question, it is not to be doubted what Part he would take: Indeed, the two great Leaders of opposite Parties in the House of Commons have united their matchless Talents in this common Cause of Humanity. They are said to have exhausted their richest Store of Eloquence; and their Speeches on the Subject afford a nobler Specimen of the different Stiles of Oratory, than is to be found in the most celebrated Orators of Greece and Rome. We are at a Loss whether to admire most the captivating and pathetic Speech of Mr. Pitt, or the argumentative and energetic one of Mr. Fox—But in this we are

agreed,

agreed, that each of them is a Master-piece in its Kind.

And now, Sir, I have freely given you my Thoughts on the Subject, arising spontaneously from my Concern for my fellow Mortals. It is a Truth, which has been often verified, that both the Indians and Negroes are capable of being civilized with proper Treatment and Instruction.—We have in our Family an Indian whose Name is Selim, who had his Liberty given him by his generous Master—but now I recollect your having seen Madame Ville-roi's Narrative; and it only remains for me to observe, that Gratitude and Fidelity still belong to this faithful Indian, and that his mental Improvements would not disgrace a Person in his Station, let him be of whatever Nation he may.

I accept with Pleasure your Overtures of Friendship. I have some Hopes of returning to my native Country, and shall
be

exceeding glad of an Opportunity of assuring Captain M—— in Person, how much I am his obliged

FREDERIC STANLEY.

LETTER XXI.

SOPHIA CAMPBELL

TO

MISS HAMILTON.

WHY will you form such vain Conjectures, my dear Harriet? I allow you to be a Girl of Penetration; but do not you recollect, that Mr. Bruce is engaged to the beautiful Miss Mac Intosh, which destroys all the Observations which you made at the Ball? When I first became acquainted with him, I was ignorant of his Engagement, and I was too sincere to deny to you my good Opinion of Mr. Bruce. It becomes now my Duty to think of him

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only

only as a Stranger, who is to be the Husband of another. His Partiality, you say, for me is evident—I will banish every such Thought; and if my Father will only give me Leave to refuse Mr. Rivers, I shall be more happy than I am at present.—My Brother tells me, that Mr. Bruce is in Expectation of seeing some of these unhappy Persons who are exiled from France. I feel for their Distresses: nor do I believe that there ever was a Precedent in History, which can equal the Cruelties exercised in France towards our defenceless Sex.

I shall beg you to continue a Correspondence, which was always so pleasing to me, and is now so necessary, since I can always repose the most perfect Confidence in your Friendship. I am determined to act with Propriety, whatever be the Fate of

Your affectionate

SOPHIA CAMPBELL.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

MISS HAMILTON

TO

MISS CAMPBELL.

I Have such an Opinion of your Prudence, as to be persuaded that you will always act with Propriety. Though I am pretty certain you prefer Mr. Bruce, yet I would by all Means persuade you to persevere in your Resolution of endeavouring to forget him.—Perhaps I may have Reason to pity him; for it is not impossible for him to be engaged in Compliance with the Duty which he owes his Friends.—As to Mr. Rivers, why do you not insist on seeing him no more in his present Character? But your Temper is far more mild and gentle than I can boast of.

Your Observation, Sophia, on the State of the Exiles is just—I believe the Period cannot be mentioned, nor the Nation

pointed out, wherein so many female Victims were offered up to the Shrine of Discord. How am I astonished at being told, that so many obdurate Hearts, so many savage and barbarous Hands, could be found in one City! But O! when one figures to the Imagination the various Sufferings of the unhappy Victims, as well as the complicated Woes of their surviving Friends, what awful Thoughts does it excite! And yet, Sophia, there are People who speak highly of the French Revolution: But can human Policy reconcile the Violation of the Laws of Heaven, or extenuate so much Guilt and Inhumanity? Ah! no: Nor can the most profound Politician make me believe, that the Way to be virtuous and happy, either as a Nation or as an Individual, is to trample under Foot Mercy, Justice, and every other good Quality which exalts human Nature above the brute Creation. If you think I am too prolix on the Subject, you may blame a certain Acquaintance

of

of our's, with whom I differ very much. When we meet, I will tell you who my Antagonist is, that speaks of Liberty very much, but seems as ignorant of the true Meaning of the Word, as I am of the Syriac Language. I will see you as soon as I can obtain Leave.

Be assured that you may always depend on the sincere Friendship of

Your

H. HAMILTON.

LETTER XXV.

ALEXANDER BRUCE

TO

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

Captain M—— was exceeding glad to receive Mr. Stanley's Letter. With such

an Advocate on his Side he has gained a compleat Victory; his Friend having given up the Slave Trade. The Captain will write to Mr. Stanley, and I shall inclose his Letter. I wish you knew more of Margrove's Story. Why must my Friend cherish a Passion so destructive to his Peace as Jealousy? And how expect am I to advise him! My Uncle has been displeased with Euphemia for her Treatment of poor Archy, who chanced to tread on the Foot of her Dog. She shewed high Displeasure, and called him boisterous Wretch, rude as the Element to which he belonged. He is far from deserving such an Appellation, and my Uncle looked much displeased. The Lady, however, did not take Notice of the Anger which darted from the Captain's Eye. There is no Person can keep up the Dignity of Character better, yet he cannot bear the least Appearance of Ill-nature, even to the lowest Person breathing: He therefore could not but dislike this Specimen of the
 Lady's

Lady's Disposition. It only serves to increase my Vexation when I draw a Comparison, or think of the amiable Sophia.

On my last Visit to Mr. Campbell's, a Storm of Wind and Rain obliged me to take Shelter in a neat Cottage, on the Road—The Mistress received me with much Civility, and my Servant having disposed of our Horses, I remained there some Time. When I mentioned Mr. Campbell, Mrs. Willson could not restrain her Gratitude; and I soon found Mrs. Campbell and her Daughter were her Benefactors. She informed me that her Husband was an Officer in the Sea Service, that by Shipwrecks, Captivity, and other unavoidable Misfortunes, she was left embarrassed and distressed. Their principal Creditor treated the helpless Family with the utmost Rigour. They were expelled from their House, and driven unprotected into the World; and their Condition would have been truly deplorable, had it not been
for

for the generous Goodness of these amiable Ladies. A Tear of Sensibility bore Witness to the Truth of her Assertions, and made me more in Love with Sophia.

I left the Cottage with my Mind given up to Reflection on the Goodness of Providence, in granting such Diversity of Circumstances in the World. The Power of doing Good is a Blessing, and affords the highest Satisfaction to a generous and benevolent Mind. Joy and Gratitude are also kindled in the Heart of a helpless Being, who is so obliged and relieved, especially if the Person so relieved be not destitute of Virtue and Religion; and it must be acknowledged, that Misfortunes often assail such Characters.

In this Train of Thought I arrived at Mr. Campbell's, where I found a great Deal of Company, and among the rest an English Gentleman, who was making the Tour of the whole Island, Mr. Campbell
in

in his Youth had performed the same Journey, and recollected many beautiful Seats which he had seen. The English Gentleman helped Mr. C——'s Memory, and proceeded to draw the most amiable Characters of the Inhabitants of those Seats.

It cannot be denied, Adolphus, that Sensibility is the Characteristic of the English. There is much Pleasure in hearing such Characters described. It is dignifying and embellishing human Nature, and we seem to have our Share in the Praise: It also adds Dignity and Splendour to Rank and Station, which demands our sincere Respect.—You see I should not have left off moralizing, if I had not been summoned to attend my Uncle, and the rest of our Party, on a morning Ride.

IN CONTINUATION.

We are returned from our Ride sooner
than

than I expected, owing to an Accident which befel Euphemia, whose Horse took Fright and threw her from his Back with her Foot entangled in the Stirrup. From the dangerous Consequence she was saved by the Assistance of Archy, who in a Moment flung himself from his Horse, and disengaged the Lady, who received no other Hurt than that of being much terrified. We all returned Home, and Miss M—— expressed her Gratitude, and begged to see her Deliverer. On his attending to know her Commands, she offered him a Reward, but he absolutely refused the Money; saying, that he was happy to render any Service to a Lady, especially to one who was his Captain's Friend; that to oblige him was his highest Ambition, and that he should not think much of going to the Mast Head, even though the Ship were scudding under the Goose Wings of her Foresail, if by so doing he could serve Captain M—— or his Friends: So saying, he withdrew, leaving

us to admire his Gratitude.—My Uncle took Occasion to reason on the Necessity of Order both at Sea and on Shore.

“Protection claims our Gratitude, and
 “many other good Effects which cannot
 “come within the Scheme of Equality.—
 “I regard Archy for his honest and good
 “Disposition, and he is sensible of my good
 “Offices and Protection. The wise Dis-
 “poser of all Things has assigned to every
 “one his Station, and the whole Chain of
 “Beings are dependent on each other.”

I am obliged to make up my Packet.
 If you should be convinced that Adelaide
 is engaged to your Rival, come to
 Clydesdale,

And remain with your

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

CAPTAIN M—

TO

THE REVEREND MR. STANLEY.

I AM exceedingly glad to find your Opinion so much in Favour of my Argument. My Friend has entirely given up the Slave Trade. You ought to share in the Merit of having removed his Prejudices, which proceeded more from an Error in his Judgment, than from any other Reason, since he is of a Disposition humane and benevolent.—I rejoice with you at the pleasing Thought, that my Country will have the Honour and Glory of abolishing a Traffic so disgraceful to Humanity. Who can forbear admiring the Character of an Individual, who employs his superior Power and Abilities for the noble Purpose of doing Good to his fellow Mortals, relieving them from Injury and Oppression? And shall we not exult, when we see a whole

whole Nation rise up in the Defence of the wretched, and dispense to them some Part of that Liberty which distinguishes the British Empire from the rest of the World.

Allow me to observe, that you have justly compared the Stability of the British Constitution to the Growth and Firmness of her Oaks. Our Freedom was not founded on chimerical Notions, nor spun from Cobweb Systems; but it was formed on Principles which have produced her Safety and Superiority.—The great Creator of the Universe has wisely implanted the Love of our native Country in the Minds of the different Inhabitants of the terrestrial Globe. You, I doubt not, have observed this in the various Climates which you have traversed. The poor African retains his Affection for his native Wild; and I have seen a dying Negro rejoice at the Thought, that he was returning Home; for that is an Opinion which they all cherish.

Every virtuous Act will I trust call down the Blessing of Heaven on our favoured Nation.—It is by doing good, that human Beings become the Delegates of their Creator. It is the most grateful Incense which ascends to the Skies. Mercy is the brightest Attribute of the Deity, and on that are founded all our Hopes and Expectations, whether we think of temporal Happiness, or extend our Thoughts to a boundless Eternity.

I am happy to find, that you think of returning to England: If you will do me the Honour of visiting this Part of our Island, I shall esteem it a very great Favour.—My Nephew has long retained the most sincere Friendship for Adolphus de Biron. I am proud to say that their virtuous Conduct has cemented their Esteem. Next to my Nephew I esteem Adolphus. My Regard for Bruce is founded on his being a virtuous and respected Character. You, Mr. Stanley, have had the Care and
Tuition

Tuition of the Villerois. How unhappy would you have been, if they had scorned your Admonitions, and rejected your paternal Advice! It would have proved a Source of Misery to you. This I can easily conceive from my Affection for my Nephew, on whose good Behaviour depends my Peace. To see him happily settled is the Wish of my Heart. On this Subject my Sister is equally interested.—I have some Schemes which I could wish to communicate to you.—Bruce is, I believe, of a sincere and generous Disposition; His Friendships prove him so to be; and I look upon Marriage to be an Engagement, wherein an Encrease of Happiness or Misery is comprehended.

What a Variety of Cares is included in the parental Character, and that is the Character we must assume, in order to perform our Duty as Guardians!——Heaven grant, that not only our Wards, but also all the British Youth may excel

160 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

in every Quality which can make them good and virtuous! In a Word may they be sincere Christians, and loyal Subjects, which will make them a Blessing to their Country, and avert the Evils which now oppress a neighbouring Kingdom! The Temple of Janus is there thrown open—Heaven only knows when it will be shut.

From such Calamities may the Almighty for ever protect and shield our Country! And in Return for the Blessings of domestic Peace, and all other Benefits, may we be duly thankful!

In these sincere and ardent Wishes I am sure you will unite with,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged Friend,

GEORGE M———.

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ADOLPHUS DE BIRON. 161

LETTER XXV.

THE REVEREND MR. STANLEY

TO

SIR CHARLES MORTON.

I Have the Satisfaction of acquainting my Friends, that as Eugene Villeroi is returned from Russia, I have communicated to him my Intention of returning to my native Country. It met his entire Approbation, and he seems even desirous to reside in a Country of which I have always endeavoured to give him a favourable Impression. If any Person be displeased with my being prejudiced in Favour of my Country, I would tell him, agreeable to the Saying of one of our most celebrated Writers, that if it be a Prejudice, it is such an honest one as ought to cleave to the Heart of an Englishman.

The French Gentlemen have given up their intended Journey to Italy.—I thank

P 3

Lady

Lady Morton, and you, for your friendly Offer to accommodate my Friends.—The Situation of the Emigrants is greatly to be pitied. Britain with her native Generosity must extend her sheltering Arms for their Protection. Every Matter wherein the Cause of Humanity is in any Manner concerned, will, I am convinced, meet due Regard from Sir Charles and Lady Morton.

I have not acquainted my Friends with your Improvements at the Cottage, being desirous to surprise them with a better Accommodation than they have Reason to expect; and to convince them, that neither Time nor Absence can have Power enough to extinguish or abate true and sincere Friendship: Witness the many Proofs you have bestowed on

Your obliged

FREDERIC STANLEY.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

MONSIEUR D——

TO

THE REVEREND MR. STANLEY.

Paris.

Situated as I am, surrounded with every Thing that can be imagined horrible in human Nature, continually beholding this once flourishing and magnificent City polluted with the most atrocious Crimes, and, without the Intervention of Providence, hastening to irretrievable Ruin—the only Consolation left for me arises from your generous Protection of my Son, and his amiable Friend Adolphus de Biron.

Generous Friend! When I even feared that the Name of a Frenchman was become odious, you can make a just Distinction, and while you abhor and detest both the Authors and Actors of so many unheard

heard of and stupendous Crimes—yet you can not only pity, but you are also ready to protect those, who rather than contribute to the Ruin of their native Land, choose a voluntary Exile.

For my Son's Sake I have remained in this distracted City, and although I must expect to sustain great Loss in the Goods of Fortune, yet I hope what is saved from the Wreck of my Property will, to a Mind like your's, be thought sufficient, with OEconomy and Virtue, to procure the Necessaries of Life for a Son far more dear to me, and to his afflicted Mother, than we can express.

To your Care and Compassion we consign our Henry—The Character he gives, and the Picture he has drawn of the amiable Matilda would, in the Days of our Prosperity, have made us proud to solicit your Alliance: but now, how can we think of making such a Proposition? or how
can

can we expect that you will give your Matilda to a Youth of ruined Fortune?—No, that would be the Height of Presumption. I have endeavoured to convince my Son, that he must subdue the Affection which he entertains for your Ward.

I have been thus explicit with you, that you may speak to the young Man on the Subject. I trust it is not in the Power of Fortune to make him act inconsistently with the Character of a Man of Honour: he could not then deserve your Protection, which is now the only Satisfaction remaining to

Your obliged

HENRY D—

LET-

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LETTER XXVII.

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE

TO

MONSIEUR VILLEROI.

Harwood Hall.

JUDGING of your Friendship by my own, I will suppose you disappointed; and perhaps angry with me for leaving Zurich without bidding you Adieu. I have, Eugene, already told you my Reasons. You would, I doubt not, have persuaded me to desist from a Purpose which appeared so full of Uncertainty. You know not, my Friend, the Violence I have offered my Heart. Little does the dear Object of my Affections know how much she employs the Thoughts of the wandering Augustus; nor can I form a Wish for her to know my Sentiments in my present Situation. Though filial Duty call me to a great Distance, her loved Idea will travel with me into far distant Climes.—Let me recall

recall my wandering Thoughts, and tell you my Proceedings since I quitted Zurich.

My Enquiries in London only proved to me how much Pains the generous Margrove had taken to obtain Intelligence of my Father. His Agent was always indefatigable in the Business, and had lately obtained some indistinct and confused Accounts, that Augustus Beville remained in a voluntary Exile; but where, he could not discover, nor obtain any Clue for that Purpose. I quitted London, and journeyed into several Counties, travelling at Random, accompanied only with my Servant.

IN CONTINUATION.

A few Days since I formed a Resolution of going to the western Counties, and then returning to London, and if I could make no further Progress in discovering the Object

ject of my Enquiries, of returning to Zurich, where I hoped to regain that peaceful State of Mind which I enjoyed with you, my dear Eugene. To you I determined to disclose my Sentiments on a Subject very near my Heart.—To find a single Relation is impossible. My poor Mother was too much absorbed in Sorrow to think of any Person but him she had injured; and the amiable Mrs. Margrove was too much taken up in endeavouring to console her, and felt too much Concern to pursue the painful Subject, by asking Questions which might have proved of Consequence. These are the Reasons my honoured Friends gave in their Letters to the Gentleman whom they thought proper to employ.

Occupied in Reflections on my solitary State, I went on through the Day. The Sun began to decline, and Night came on, when my Servant informed me, that we had certainly lost our Way to the Village,
 where

where we intended to put up for the Night. I was exceedingly fatigued; and to add to my Distress, a violent Storm, which had threatened us for some Time, began to discharge its Fury. I never heard such tremendous Claps of Thunder, nor saw such a Torrent of Rain before. By the vivid Flashes of Lightning we were enabled to discover a Gentleman's House almost adjoining the Road: Thither we repaired for Directions and Shelter. The hospitable Owner, after informing me that we were at a considerable Distance from any Place that could furnish us with Lodgings, humanely intreated me not to prosecute my Journey that Night, but to accept the best Accommodations his House could afford. I accepted an Offer which seemed made with so much Frankness and Good-nature. The Gentleman immediately gave Orders to dispose of our Horses, and to take Care of my Servant; and I followed my hospitable Guide into the House. He introduced me to his

Lady, who with much Chearfulness repeated her Husband's kind Invitation.— Mr. Harwood and his amiable Partner could not fail of attracting my Regard.— The graceful and easy Manner of their Behaviour removed the Restraint, and prevented the awkward Apologies that the Singularity of the Adventure might naturally occasion.

I observed Mrs. Harwood look at me with Attention, and say something to her Husband which I could not understand. To which he with a deep Sigh replied in the Affirmative.—I retired to Rest with Sentiments of Respect for this worthy Pair. In the Morning after Breakfast I began to think of taking Leave, and of making my Acknowledgements for such Hospitality, and was proceeding to say, how happy it would make me, if an Opportunity should offer of obliging Mr. Harwood.

“You have that Opportunity now, Sir,”
returned

returned Mrs. Harwood, "and we will
 "therefore take you at your Word: We
 "were about to request the Favour of
 "your Company for some little Time at
 "Harwood Hall—By complying with our
 "Request you will very much oblige us."

Mr. Harwood added his Entreaties.—
 He then proposed my going to see some
 of his Improvements, for he could not by
 any Means think of parting with me yet.
 We have a Reason, said he, (looking at
 Mrs. Harwood) Madam, for paying Mr.
 Margrove some Attention. We have, in-
 deed, returned the Lady.—I immediately
 concluded they had lost a Son, and that I
 perhaps reminded them of their Misfortune.
 However I asked no Questions, but yield-
 ed to their Request, and am just returned
 from our second Morning's Ride, and have
 stolen a few Minutes to write to my Friend:
 This I shall continue to do, 'till I have
 given you the Sequel of my Adventures
 at Harwood Hall.

In the mean Time my Thoughts are wandering to the Mountains of Switzerland.

IN CONTINUATION.

Mr. Harwood, who appears to be about the middle Age, is so perfectly agreeable in his Person and Manner, that your Attention must be engaged—He is well educated, and has much good Sense, with a Way of thinking which has been productive of much good to the Neighbourhood. In our first Morning's Ride he gave me to understand, that he had for many Years paid much Attention to Improvements in Agriculture, of which he was passionately fond, and that he had endeavoured to inspire some of his Acquaintance with the same Enthusiasm. With many he had succeeded. A Society for the Encouragement of Improvements made by Study and Industry was formed, from which the most salutary Effects had been produced:

"It

"It increases my Happiness," said Mr.
 H——, "to see my Endeavours crowned
 "with Success; to see a Spirit of Emu-
 "lation excited by the Rewards which our
 "Society have holden out to the Industri-
 "ous.—Vice has received a very great
 "Blow—since it is the supine and the in-
 "dolent who are the soonest rendered dis-
 "solate. The Spirit of Emulation, which
 "prompts the Rustic to contend for the
 "Prize at a Revel, is not extinguished,
 "but turned into a different, and more
 "useful Direction. The idle Amusements
 "of a Country Wake are useless in them-
 "selves, always interrupt rural Operations,
 "and generally terminate in Drunkenness
 "and Debauchery: But the Prizes that
 "are here contended for, instead of pro-
 "moting Idleness, encourage Industry;
 "and, instead of obstructing Agriculture,
 "are instituted for the express Purpose
 "of improving it."

You would have been charmed, Eugene,

Q 3.

with

with the delightful Prospects which every Place presented. We proceeded to the Village, and it was with Pleasure I there beheld the good Effects which Mr. Harwood's generous and benevolent Plans had produced—The School in particular drew my Attention. The Veneration with which the Scholars approached their Patron, and the condescending and kind Enquiries he made, were truly pleasing.—Mrs. Harwood bears a Part in conferring all these Benefits on her poor, yet happy Neighbours, who are always sure of being protected, while they continue sober and industrious.

On our Return Mr. Harwood convinced me that he did not neglect Horticulture. His Gardens were charming beyond Description. The Art with which the Pleasure-ground was laid out, was industriously concealed; and Nature, where it was most corrected by the Owner's Taste, was always unfettered. In a Word every Thing claimed

claimed my Admiration.—During the Evening I could not forbear saying to Mrs. Harwood: Ah! Madam, if it be possible for human Beings to possess real Happiness, surely you must be among the Number: You are continually dispensing Benefits, promoting Industry, and rewarding Merit. The smiling Prospects around you, where Plenty fills her Urn, and Content finds her Residence, bespeak the refined and benevolent Sentiments which have taken up their Abode at Harwood Hall.

“Mr. Margrove,” returned the Lady,
 “human Happiness is, I believe, never
 “so perfect as to be intirely without Alloy.
 “Your Opinion of our Felicity is not
 “singular: Many imagine we can have
 “nothing to complain of; yet believe me,
 “we have some bitter Ingredients in our
 “Cup of Happiness. Every retrospective
 “View demands the Tear of Sympathy.
 “Strange as it may appear to you, your
 “Presence

" Presence at the first Sight cost us a Sigh.
 " We immediately became attached to
 " you for a Reason, which cannot be any
 " Way material for you to know; yet as
 " we are all apt to make wrong Estimates
 " of human Happiness, Mr. Harwood will
 " relate to you some Incidents prior to our
 " Settlement at Harwood Hall : " I joined
 in the Request, and my Friend began by
 telling me——I am interrupted.

With Pleasure do I always return to my
 Pen when writing to M. Villeroi.

IN CONTINUATION.

" This Lady," said Mr. Harwood,
 " was in Possession of my Heart while I
 " was a Minor, and when I became Master
 " of my Fortune, her Friends with some
 " Difficulty consented to our Marriage.—
 " Their only Objection was, that I was
 " supposed to have too much Partiality
 " for the gaming Table : This I acknow-
 ledge

“ledge was not intirely without Founda-
 “tion : I very sincerely determined to de-
 “ sist from a Pursuit too often attended
 “ with very disagreeable Consequences.—
 “ In this Resolution I was confirmed by
 “ the frequent and judicious Remon-
 “ strances of a Friend. My Acquaintance
 “ with this Gentleman commenced at
 “ School, and produced on both Sides a
 “ Friendship firm and sincere. He was
 “ not much elder than I, but in Solidity
 “ of Understanding, and Firmness of
 “ Temper, he was much my Superior.—
 “ To every Vice he was a Stranger.—
 “ Reason and Reflection were to him ha-
 “ bitual. He saw every Thing in its true
 “ Light ; yet from an Excess of Genero-
 “ sity was always disposed to make favour-
 “ able Allowances for the Foibles and
 “ Weaknesses which he might observe in
 “ others ; and would always find an Ex-
 “ cuse for his Friends Indiscretion, pro-
 “ vided nothing very criminal appeared in
 “ their Conduct. As he never had for-
 “ faken

“faken the Paths of Virtue himself, Suspicion could not find Entrance to his Mind.—In short, his Acquaintance was sought for, and his Friendship valued; his Advice attended to, and his Judgment generally decisive.

“This esteemed Friend was married to a Lady beautiful in Person, and amiable in Disposition. The Birth of a Son made him compleatly happy, and I rejoiced at the Event. Important Business called me to London, and protracted my Stay a considerable Time. Mrs. Harwood wished, rather more than I, to return into the Country; for I must acknowledge, at that Time my Taste was formed on a different Plan from what it is at present. Chance threw into my Way many of my former Acquaintances, some of whom considered Gaming as an Employment rather than an Amusement. For a long While I was Proof against all Allurements. At length I
“was

"was weak enough to comply, but with
 "a Determination not to risk any con-
 "siderable Sum. This Resolution I kept
 "for some Time; until one Day having
 "won several Times, Success threw me
 "off my Guard—I again became a com-
 "pleat Gambler, and soon found myself
 "on the Brink of Ruin. I had some
 "Reason to suppose that unfair Arts had
 "been used. I became shocked at my
 "Conduct, especially when I considered
 "how much I had injured my amiable
 "Wife. What could I say to her? Or
 "how could I avow myself her Enemy?
 "In this Dilemma I pleaded Business,
 "and returned to the Country, at some
 "Distance from the Seat of my Friend.
 "I dispatched a Messenger requesting he
 "would give me a private Meeting. He
 "came, and heard me confess my Errors,
 "and their Consequences, with his usual
 "Temper.

"When I began to reproach myself, he
 "stopt

“stopt me short, by saying, that as I had
 “discerned the Precipice to which I was
 “advancing, he was ready to hope I
 “would hereafter shun such dangerous
 “Paths : In the mean Time his Exertions
 “should not be wanting to free me from
 “the present Embarrassment.

“He was acquainted with the Characters
 “of several of the Parties, and they were
 “well acquainted with the firm and gene-
 “rous Temper of my Friend. His strict
 “and well-known Regard to Honour and
 “Probity awed such as were conscious of
 “their own Violation of those Principles—
 “in a Word, the unworthy Authors of
 “my approaching Ruin were abashed—
 “They soon yielded to compromise the
 “Business, which was all conducted with
 “the utmost Secrecy.—I hastened to Har-
 “wood Hall, which had been too long
 “neglected. The fortunate Escape I had
 “made intirely changed my Way of think-
 “ing. The Beauties of the surrounding
 “Prospects

“ Prospects appeared new to a Person, who
 “ had never before considered them with
 “ Attention. My Mind became harmo-
 “ nized. Benevolence pointed out to me,
 “ how much it was in my Power to pro-
 “ mote the Good of others. I instantly
 “ began to form the Plans, which I have
 “ since reduced to Practice. For a long
 “ While, indeed, my Designs were re-
 “ tarded. The Event which then dis-
 “ tressed me still continues of a corrosive
 “ Nature—still continues an Alloy to our
 “ Peace.

“ My Eliza was related to the generous
 “ Friend, whose Example I now proposed
 “ to be my Pattern for Imitation. The
 “ Joy and Gratitude of Eliza were beyond
 “ Expression. Oh! think how much we
 “ must feel, when our Friend, our worthy
 “ and generous Beville appeared before
 “ us with Grief and Distraction painted in
 “ his Countenance. He flung himself on
 “ a Sofa, and with a Look which hurried

"me to the Heart, he exclaimed, Har-
 "wood, I am undone! Misery, Shame,
 "and Dishonour must be henceforth my
 "Companions.—I conjured him to un-
 "fold the Cause of his Distress, and beg-
 "ged he would permit me either to en-
 "deavour to alleviate his Sorrows, or to
 "share in them. Eliza joined her En-
 "treaties. Beville started up and tra-
 "versed the Room several Times. Ra-
 "ther," said he, "advise me to seek some
 "distant Wilderness, where human Beings
 "cannot introduce Treachery and Ingrat-
 "titude, and all the Miseries that attend
 "them. Clara, my adored yet unworthy
 "Clara, has fled with the perfidious
 "Bromley—They have robbed me of my
 "Son: They have deprived me of my
 "Augustus. I will pursue the Villain
 "through the World, and sacrifice him
 "to my just Vengeance."

O Villeroi, think what my Heart felt.

Mr.

Mr. Harwood had proceeded thus far, when I became

"Dismay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,

"Above restraint the tide of sorrow rose:"

Odyssey, Book 4th.

Vain were my Endeavours to suppress the Tears, which the Sufferings of a Parent demanded. My Friends observed the Emotion of my agitated Mind. Mr. Harwood ceased speaking.—They both looked at me for some Time in Silence; when Mr. Harwood eagerly taking my Hand, said, "tell me, I beseech you, my dear Sir, if you know my worthy, my generous Beville? Why are those Tears?" "Speak, I conjure you."

O! Sir, said I, throwing myself at his Feet—Behold the Son of your injured Friend, behold the unfortunate Augustus Beville, imploring you to direct his wandering Steps.—Say, have I yet a Father? "Yes, my dear Augustus," returned Mr.

Harwood, "I have Reason to hope your
 "Father lives, although far distant from
 "the Happiness that awaits him. Won-
 "der not that I so readily acknowledge
 "you. The anguish of your Heart ap-
 "peared genuine and sincere: Besides,
 "the Moment you entered this House my
 "Eliza recognized the Form and Features
 "of our respected Beville: This she pre-
 "sently remarked to me.—I acknowledg-
 "ed the Resemblance, but had not the
 "least Suspicion, that you were, or could
 "possibly be Augustus Beville. That
 "Resemblance, although it cost us a Sigh,
 "endeared you to us—But now methinks
 "my Beville stands before me in the
 "Bloom of Youth, his every Feature
 "present.

"Full shines the father in the filial frame,
 "His port, his features, and his shape the same;
 "Such quick regards his sparkling eyes bestow;
 "Such wavy ringlets o'er his shoulders flow!"

This he said, addressing himself to
 Mrs.

Mrs. Harwood, whose Surprise and Astonishment had prevented her from speaking: Wiping the Tears from her Face, she said; "Mr. Harwood, can it be possible? do we really behold the dear Youth " we have so often lamented, not without " reproaching ourselves, as being in some " Degree the Cause of all those Woes " which his injured Father has experienced? Let me embrace you, my dear " Augustus, my Heart acknowledges you. " O! that I could present the accomplished " Son to his worthy Father, that we could " unite in the pleasing Task of making " him forget the Sorrows of his Youth. " I could ask a thousand Questions, and " would inquire of you"——

Stay, Madam, said I, you shall be fully satisfied as to what concerns the Persons whose Fate you would know; but first I request Mr. Harwood will proceed. I am now composed enough to attend.——

"I cannot blame your Impatience," re-

turned my Friend; "I will therefore
 "briefly tell you, that all our Endeavours
 "proved ineffectual to detain your Father
 "from seeking the detested Bromley.—
 "In vain did he search for the perfidious
 "monster, who eluded every Enquiry:

"Beville returned to Harwood Hall.
 "We exerted ourselves to amuse and
 "sooth his sorrows. Fruitless were our
 "Endeavours; for Grief had taken Pos-
 "session of his Heart. The unhappy
 "Clara had left a Letter addressed to her
 "injured Husband, charging him with
 "having deserted her for a Person inferior
 "to herself. The Remorse of Mrs. Be-
 "ville's Woman obliged her to confess,
 "that while my Friend was generously
 "snatching me from Ruin, Bromley had
 "bribed her to inspire Mrs. Beville with
 "Jealousy. This fatally led to her De-
 "struction. Intelligence like this only
 "served to heighten my Friend's Af-
 "fliction.

"Harwood,

"Harwood, he would exclaim, have I
 "not Reason to hate a World, wherein I
 "have met such base, such unjust and
 "villainous Treatment? You know,
 "Harwood, that my Relations are few.
 "My Son is lost, for ever lost to me.—
 "The innocent Boy is the Companion of
 "Guilt, of Treachery, and will no doubt
 "share in the Miseries of his wretched
 "Mother.

"I have been a Dupe to a polished de-
 "signing Villain, who has for ever de-
 "stroyed my Peace. Henceforth my
 "Enquiries shall be among such as are
 "distinguished by the Name of Savages.
 "I will traverse uncultivated Wilds to
 "find a Wretch superior in Vice to the
 "Monster Bromley. With you I may
 "perhaps correspond; it must however
 "be under certain Restrictions. I go
 "from the Dishonour which the faithless
 "Clara has bestowed on me. Should
 "you ever hear of my hapless Son—but
 "that

"that is impossible. Harwood, when I
 "turn my Thoughts on him, think what
 "distracted Ideas are presented to my
 "Imagination; but I will not, my dear
 "Augustus, dwell on the painful Subject.
 "Suffice it to say, that your Father was
 "Proof against all our Entreaties. He
 "left us, and for a long while we remain-
 "ed ignorant of his Fate; till at last I re-
 "ceived a Letter from him, the Brevity
 "of which convinced me, that he could
 "not trust himself, to enlarge on the To-
 "pic of his Afflictions—It was not dated.
 "Such has been the Correspondence, that
 "I could seldom write to him, nor could
 "I alas! afford him the least Intelligence
 "of his long-lost Son.

"What a Gleam of Hope now breaks
 "upon my Mind! I have lately received
 "a Letter from your Father, who was
 "then in the back Settlements of Quebec.
 "He even gives us some faint Hopes of
 "seeing him."

My

My dear Friend, said I, let me hasten to my injured and afflicted Father; let me soothe the Sorrows of his declining Years.

“Stay, Augustus,” I beseech you, “returned Mr. Harwood, till a proper Opportunity offer. I will not oppose any Measure that is consistent with either your Duty or Interest. My dear Friend having left the Care of his Property in my Hands, I have much to consult with you—I shall therefore beg you will consider me as having some Claim to your Obedience, merely for your Father’s Sake.”

Thus, Eugene, am I prevented for some Time from taking this Voyage.—My Determination is however fixed—I must go. Duty, Compassion, and filial Affection impel me to this Separation from my Friends, from you, and from the dearest Object of my Heart. Ah! did she know the Sincerity of my Love,
she

she would pity her Augustus. She would deplore the Misfortunes which attended my infant Years; and she would applaud the filial Regard which inspires me in the Pursuit I am upon. Yes I am convinced of this, for her Heart is the Seat of every Virtue. O! that I may one Day avow my Affection, that I may not be rejected by the amiable ———— ! Let me receive a Father's Sanction, and then I will disclose the loved Name.

In the mean Time write to your

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE.

LET.

LETTER XXVIII.

EUGENE VILLEROI

TO

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE.

Zurich.

ON my return from Petersburg I expected to see my Augustus at Zurich.—I felt the Disappointment very sensibly, and only suspended my Resentment until I knew your Reasons for a Flight so precipitate. On perusing your Papers, Resentment gave Place to Sensations of a very different Nature. Pity for the amiable yet unfortunate Clara Beville, and Admiration of the generous and accomplished Emma Margrove, took Possession of my Mind: They both appeared in the most amiable Light to my Imagination. The soothing and compassionate Attention of Mrs. Margrove was well bestowed on her suffering Friend, whose ingenuous Confession of Errors, which did not indeed

deed originate from Vice, but from those Imperfections to which the human Mind is too subject. Jealousy has been often productive of many fatal Events: It is a Passion so impetuous, that it cannot attend for a Moment to the still Voice of Reason, but executes on the instant all that Rage can suggest.

How truly then have our Lives been compared to a Warfare? for as a wise and prudent General not only guards against great and capital Mistakes, but also attends to the most minute Circumstances, rightly judging that they may prove of vast Consequence, and give the Enemy an Advantage: So are Mortals under an indispensable Necessity, not only to avoid Crimes which appear heinous in the Eyes of the World; they have also Reason to guard against such Imperfections, as do not, it must be allowed, carry a very criminal Appearance, and yet very often prove destructive to Peace and Happiness.

Pardon

Pardon me, Augustus; the Subject which has so much employed my Thoughts leads me again to these Reflections: But I will return to you. And will you think of such an hazardous Voyage? Are you determined to wander still further from me, with such an uncertain Prospect before you; for it does not appear to me you will find the Object of your Pursuit? Your Father, whose Character I admire, may pass under a different Name, or perhaps may be so far retired among the Indian Nations as to make your finding him very improbable; and therefore I wish you could relinquish the Design of going to Quebec. Think seriously of this Matter. If you prefer staying in England in order to continue your Inquiries, I will endeavour to join you on my Return from Italy. The Gentlemen who are to accompany me you have seen at Zurich.—Monsieur De Biron, who is related to us, seems very desirous of changing the Scene. The Dejection of his Spirits seems to render

such a Step necessary. I sincerely lament with him the present unhappy Situation in which France is involved. It appears to me that many of the Decrees of the National Assembly seem calculated to flatter the unruly Passions of the Multitude; and every Thing desperate is to be feared from a Faction so powerful.

I remember you observed to me in a former Letter, that from your Correspondence with an intelligent Friend in Paris, you had Reason to imagine, that had not Order been trampled under Foot, salutary and healing Measures might have been adopted, and the Legislators might have formed a Constitution similar to that which renders their British Neighbours a free and happy People.—This brings to my Recollection Voltaire's Remarks on Montesquieu.

"The principal Merit of this Work,
 "the Spirit of Laws, is that Love of Legislation

“gislation which reigns in it; and this
 “Love of Legislation is founded on the
 “Love of Mankind. What is very sin-
 “gular is, that the Eulogy he bestows on
 “the English Constitution, is what has
 “pleased the French most.”

Mr. Voltaire might wonder at the Praises bestowed in Montesquieu's just Eulogy, but I do not. The French were continually beholding the happy Effects of the British Constitution, and they have continued to see the noble Exertions made in War, and the increasing State of Commerce in Peace, under the Auspices of an excellent Constitution, and a virtuous and amiable Sovereign.

My dear Augustus, common Humanity obliges us to turn our Eyes towards the Calamities of our fellow Creatures. Many tragical Scenes have been already presented, during this State of Anarchy and Discord; and I fear the Actors have only

begun to rehearse their Parts. To you and to me it appears almost impossible that human Beings can be so ferocious and sanguinary—but I must withhold my Pen; for on this Subject what a Number of Reflections crowd upon my Mind.

Should you even determine to pursue your Search among the uncultivated Wilds of America, you will no doubt have Reason to observe, that the polite, the philosophical, and illuminating Legislators of France can instruct the savage Indians in all the Arts of Murder and Cruelty.—From this Voyage I wish my Persuasions may prevent you. Your filial Duty was always truly exemplary; I honour you for it. How should I rejoice, were it possible that your Father could embrace a Son so worthy of his Affection, that he could receive the exquisite Satisfaction of knowing his Clara was virtuous although unfortunate, and that her Heart was devoted to him only!

You

You cherish Hopes (which, I repeat again, appear to me very improbable) or you could not determine to leave the Lady who has taken Possession of your Heart, and who perhaps sighs in secret on account of your Absence. Were I worthy of your intire Confidence, perhaps I might ask the fair one's Name, who is so fortunate as to be preferred by Augustus Margrove.

Your Packet now before me affords me the highest Pleasure. What a lucky Circumstance was your straying to Harwood Hall, not only, fortunate for you alone, but also for the worthy Pair who have so long reproached themselves with being Instruments to your Parents Misfortunes! I am not surpris'd that Mr. Harwood continues to persuade you to remain with them; you contribute to the Happiness of these deserving and amiable Persons, whose Dispositions are consonant with your own.—Surely they may be said to live in the highest Luxury, even in the continual

Luxury of doing Good.—Stay, Augustus, I beseech you, and finish your Picture of Harwood Hall; let me know all their Plans. Mr. Stanley would be pleased with their Acquaintance. He begins to hint to me his Wishes for returning to his native Country. Madame V—— takes a tender Part in all which concerns your Happiness. My Sister Adelaide expresses much Anxiety for your Situation. The gentle Antoinette continues at Berne.— Her Letters are replete with Expressions of Sensibility on your Account. You may be sure your Story is only known to our Family. When I am in Italy Mr. Stanley will forward your Letters. I shall be impatient to know how far my Advice has succeeded, and whether you remain still determined for your Voyage.

Be that as it may, I conjure you to write often to your

EDOENE VILLEROI.

Matilda

Matilda is writing to you in her own
and the rest of the Ladies Names. She
says all her Rhetoric will be employed to
dissuade you from going to Quebec.

L E T T E R XXIX.

THE REVEREND MR. STANLEY

TO

SIR CHARLES MORTON.

THE kind Attention which you have
for so many Years paid to all which con-
cerns me in England, proves the Sincerity
of your Friendship, which neither Time
nor Distance could lessen. The worthy
Villeroi was well known to you. The
Situation of his Family must needs interest
the Person to whom he had so strongly
recommended them. It was in Compli-
ance with their Request, that I have so
long forborne to visit my native Country.

Madame

Madame Villeroi imagined it would increase her Afflictions, were she to return either to England or France, by recalling to her Mind the Loss of so many Friends. Time, however, if it cannot quite obliterate the Traces of Sorrow, will yet dispose the Mind to think with more Composure, and to learn the Duty of Resignation: Therefore I have sometimes ventured to hint the Wish I have for returning to England, and not finding any great Opposition from the Family, nor much Reluctance to change their Abode, I begin to think seriously of the Matter. In Imagination I stray around your delightful Walks, and visit the Bower where Sense, Virtue, and Elegance, appear in the Person of Lady Morton. I indulge the pleasing Reveries, and often fancy I see the white Cliffs of Albion, and hail the Shore where Liberty has erected her Throne. I have not Words to express the Emotions which are excited in my Mind; let the elegant Lord Lyttleton do it for me.

O native

"O native isle ! fair freedom's happiest seat,
 "At thought of thee my bounding pulses beat,
 "At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
 "And all my country on my soul returns.
 "When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous
 "grain
 "No power can ravish from the industrious swain?
 "When kifs with pious love the sacred earth
 "That gave a Burleigh and a Russel birth?"

Here are animating Reflections to the
 Mind of an Englishman ! O what a dif-
 ferent Scene offers itself, when one thinks
 of France ! What a Variety of Sensations
 is awakened ! Detestation, Horror, and
 Compassion, successively agitate the Mind.
 Awful and humiliating is the Spectacle;
 when we behold such savage Cruelty per-
 petrated by our fellow Mortals ; yet while
 it astonishes, it also instructs, and conveys
 an Example to the World, proving the
 Danger of Innovations, which are too
 often replete with Horror.

Man, finite Man, sees but a short Way
 before

before him; nor, when the Commotion to which he has contributed is carried to greater Lengths than he expected, has he the restraining Power which can enable him to say: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: And here shalt thy proud Waves be stayed." So far from it, that though the bitter Waters of civil Discord are easily let out through the smallest Crevice, yet no one can say where they will stop; and it generally happens, by the just Judgement of Heaven, that those who first gave them Vent are eventually overwhelmed by the Torrent. If I mistake not, the Truth of this Observation is abundantly exemplified in the History of the present Times.

I shall perhaps bring with me to England two unfortunate Emigrants, Monsieur De Biron and his Friend Henry D——. The former has a Claim to England, his Mother being a Native of our Country; she is also related to Ma-
dame

dame Villardi. They are both worthy young Men.

You and Lady Morton will continue your Goodness to me in seeing my Cottage fitted up for the Reception of my Family, for such I must now consider them all, until Madame V—— can suit herself with some convenient Habitation. I shall perhaps say more on this Subject in my next. In the mean Time be assured, that your Correspondence affords the utmost Satisfaction to

Your's sincerely,

FREDERIC STANLEY.

LET-

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LETTER XXX.

SIR CHARLES MORTON

TO

THE REVEREND MR. STANLEY.

THE Letters of my Friend have always been joyfully received; but your last gave me inexpressible Satisfaction, since it afforded me the pleasing Prospect of seeing you. Lady Morton is quite overjoyed on the Occasion, and will be very happy to renew her Acquaintance with Madame Villeroi. Be assured that nothing shall be wanting on our Part to make the Cottage ready for the Reception of your Family. If your House be not large enough, we can accommodate as many of your Friends as you please.

The French Gentlemen will find a vast many, who are Natives of France, in every Part of England: These unfortunate People could not chuse a better Asylum than

is

is here afforded them: Every generous Mind is led to pity their Misfortunes.—I hope the British Nation may be as much distinguished for their Sensibility, as they have long been for their Bravery and Courage. I must, however, acknowledge that we have some restless Spirits among us, who by their seditious Writings have contributed not a little to the Work of Destruction. Some of them, as a Reward for their extraordinary Merit, have obtained a Seat in the French Pandæmonium, where they have now a full Opportunity of beholding the mighty Ruin, and of glutting their Eyes with the daily Effusion of human Blood. I thank Heaven the Number of such Miscreants is but small, when compared to the Spirit of the whole Nation!

From a State so truly deplorable as France exhibits may every Nation be defended; and long, very long, may Great-Britain flourish, and continue to be the

206 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

Seat of Peace, Liberty, and Virtue : In
this patriotic Wish I am convinced you
will heartily join with

Your truly affectionate

CHARLES MORTON.

LETTER XXXI.

MATILDA

TO

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

Zurich.

EUGENE having received a Letter
from Augustus, I expected he would have
no Objection to my seeing the whole
Packet ; however he only transcribed what
he thought proper for our Perusal, which
I have inclosed. I am vastly pleased with
his good Fortune in meeting Mr. Har-
wood, of whom I have a very favourable
Opinion,

Opinion, as also of his amiable Eliza: But I am much concerned at the positive and determined Resolution which he continues to keep in spite of Mr. Harwood's and my Brother's Persuasion. Nothing can divert him from his intended Voyage to Quebec. I never thought him of an obstinate Temper, and therefore am the more surpris'd at his being Proof against such united Persuasions.

Eugene foresees a thousand dangers which may arise to his Friend, and is therefore full of Solitude on his Account.— Adelaide, whose gentle Temper you are well acquainted with, speaks of him often in the soft Accents of Pity, and I am heartily angry with him, and mean to tell him so; for I am determined to write to him on the Subject, though my Brother shakes his Head, and tells me it will have no Effect. Our Cousin is quite dispirited, even the sprightly Henry has almost forgotten to smile. Such are the sad Ac-

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counts

counts continually coming from France, that it is no Wonder they are so much affected. Monsieur D—— would needs persuade me, that he has a very high Opinion of all our Family, and in particular of your Sister Matilda. I really have a great Deal of Pity for him on Account of his Apprehensions for the Situation of his Parents. Pity, you know, is said to be the Mother of Love; but no more of this Subject, at least for the present.— Present my Compliments to all our Bernais Friends. Mr. Stanley sometimes gives me Hints of his being very desirous of returning to England. I have no Objection. I think we shall be very much admired there on one Account or other: We are all so grave and serious, that every Person will esteem us to be a very sentimental Family; and especially when they are acquainted with

Your

MATILDA VILLEROI.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXII.

ANTOINETTE

TO

MATILDA VILLEROI.

Berne.

SO you are about to write poor Margrove an angry Letter: How can you talk so, Matilda? and on what can you found your Displeasure? or how can you blame him for obeying the Dictates of filial Duty? Can a Heart like his, wherein every Virtue is cherished, recoil at Dangers, when he meets them in Obedience to the stern Commands of Duty. However, I am far from being insensible to the Difficulties he may expect; it has cost me many Tears; yet I should not think him so worthy of them, were he destitute of Compassion for a Father who has passed so many Years of Sorrow. I know Adelaide to possess a Heart full of Sensibility: never do I wish her Bosom to be wounded

T 3

with

with the keen Arrows of Disappointment. To see my Friends happy can only render me so. You speak like yourself when you mention Henry D——'s Partiality with so much *sang froid*.

Do not mistake me, Matilda, I have a very good Opinion of your Heart, and believe you will never give Cause to say otherwise; yet you will pardon me: We English People, as you are always pleased to term Adelaide and me, have a greater Turn for Reflection, which disposes us to think seriously; while the French, even the best of them, have a little Spice of Levity in their Composition. I wish however that the whole People of France possessed an equal Share of that Good-nature, Compassion, and many other amiable Virtues, which render you happy in yourself, and respected by your Friends; then so many Tragedies would not be acted, nor so much Sorrow introduced, as is seen here among the Mountains of Switzerland;

land; many a brave and honest Swiss having fallen by Means of this direful Faction, whose Friends have Reason to feel much Indignation as well as Grief.

I have read the Packet you inclosed with Attention, and think it was very fortunate for Margrove to meet such worthy Friends. May propitious Gales await him! and although there appear but little Prospect of Success, as Mr. Harwood cannot furnish him with Directions to find his Father, yet it was perhaps impossible for him to enjoy Happiness at home.— How must his worthy Mind suffer to leave the Object of his Love! Whoever she may be, I will venture to pronounce her to have made a Conquest not unworthy her Regard, be her Merit ever so great.

Tell Eugene I sincerely participate with him in his Concern for Augustus; I feel also for Adolphus de Biron and his Friend.

So

So you expect to be admired in England for being a very sentimental Lady—well, I shall have no Objection to your being so distinguished as an Individual, provided you will allow us a national Superiority. To have the Appellation of an English-woman is the Ambition of

Your

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

LETTER XXXIII.

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE

TO

EUGENE VILLEROI.

Harwood Hall.

EUGENE Villeroi may rest assured, that I find great Difficulty to resist any Advice which he may give me. It was for this Reason that I denied myself the
Pleasure

Pleasure of waiting for his Arrival. I chose rather to hasten from Zurich, than to combat Arguments which I well knew would be dictated by your Friendship.— Now, my Friend, let me entreat you to forbear any further Persuasions. An irresistible Impulse forces me to go in Search of a Father who still continues to lament his Augustus. The Thoughts of affording Comfort to his declining Years exhilarate my Spirits. Duty and Affection inspire me with Fortitude: Dangers and Difficulties are not sufficient Obstacles to deter me from the Pursuit: Not even Love for the most amiable of Women can withhold me from my Purpose. Beside the Reasons I have already mentioned, have I not others to adduce? Did not the Protectors of my Youth think it my Duty to avail myself of every Opportunity that offered to discover the wandering Beville? You knew Mr. Margrove, you revered his Virtues; but you never knew his excellent Lady. Though it be impossible
for

for me to do Justice to her Merit; yet I know you will permit me to indulge the Emotions of a grateful Heart in giving you a Sketch of her Character.

Emma Margrove's Education had been carefully attended to, and was superior to that which is generally bestowed on her Sex. In Addition to this Advantage, she derived from Nature a nice Discernment joined to a sound and penetrating Judgment; and to crown the whole, her Heart was the Seat of Benevolence and Humanity: To relieve Distress in whatever Shape it appeared, was to her an Employment of Delight: To raise humble and modest Merit, and to screen it from unfeeling Contempt, afforded her such Pleasure as is only experienced by Minds of a Formation like her's. She excelled in those Accomplishments for which her Sex are admired; in particular her Skill and Proficiency in Music was such as intitled her to the Applause of those who had any Knowledge

Knowledge or Taste for that justly esteemed Art. Her Face was pleasing, and her Person elegant.

Such was the Lady, who from my earliest Youth pointed out to me the Excellency of Virtue, whose Precepts tended to inspire my Mind with an awful Sense of Religion, while her Example illustrated the Sincerity, and confirmed the Truth of her Advice. To a Mind and Person resembling the above Character have I resigned my Heart. In my present Situation it would be the Height of Imprudence to avail myself of the Friendship she professes for me by endeavouring to gain her Affections. To what Purpose, unless it were to render her unhappy in finding she had bestowed her Heart on an unfortunate Being, whom Duty commands, and Affection impels to become a Wanderer?

Can Eugene Villeroi suppose I esteem
him

him unworthy my Confidence? All I can or dare tell you I will. Know then I love with the most pure and tender Affection, in which are united all the Sentiments of Esteem and Admiration, and all the Sincerity of Friendship. Such is my Love for the Sister of Eugene Villeroi. Ask me not her Name, for that is a Question I must and will be excused from answering.

Perhaps I shall write to you again before I set sail; so I shall expect from you; but you must ask no more Questions concerning the Attachment of

Your

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE.

LET.

LETTER XXXIV.

EUGENE VILLEROI,

TO

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE.

Zurich.

IF it be still your fixed Determination to proceed on your Voyage, yet allow me to make one Request: Stay until I come to England; for our proposed Journey to Italy is no longer thought of; Duty and Inclination having made me readily comply with Mr. Stanley's Request to leave Zurich, and to fix our future Abode in his native Land. You must not refuse, for my Guardian joins his Entreaties to mine. Madame V—— and my Sisters will be greatly disappointed, if you sail before we arrive. Antoinette only will continue in Switzerland, the Lady with whom she has so long resided in Berne having requested her to stay longer. However, I mean, after we are settled, to con-

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duct

duct my Sister to England. I have postponed all that I have to say on different Subjects being willing to save the Post.

I am prejudiced in Favour of Harwood Hall and its worthy Owners. Mr. Stanley says he shall be proud of their Acquaintance, and shall request Mr. Harwood to oblige him with his Advice, my Preceptor being desirous to adopt the Plans, which have proved so successful in promoting the Welfare of so many fellow Creatures.

Stay then, Augustus, and introduce Mr. Stanley to the philanthropic Mr. Harwood, if you wish to oblige

Your

EUGENE VILLEROI.

LET

LETTER XXXV.

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE

TO

EUGENE VILLEROI.

Harwood Hall.

EUGENE, why will you distress me by requesting any Thing of your Friend which must give him the Pain of refusing you. I have already engaged for my Passage to America, and only wait for a favourable Wind to waft me over the Atlantic Ocean.

My unalterable Love, and my sincere Friendship remain with your Family.— Whether I succeed or not in finding the Object of my Voyage, I shall have satisfied my Mind, in having done what I judge to be an indispensable Duty. Should the amiable and much-loved — Villeroi be engaged, or should her Heart be unfavourable to my Hopes, I will then say,

U 2

farewell

farewell England forever. Nor could you, my Friend, wish me to stay, if you knew with what Purity of Affection, and perfect Esteem I think of your lovely Sister.— To doubt my Regard and Friendship for you would be injuring me very much.— My Heart is also deeply impressed with Sentiments of Gratitude and Esteem for the truly-worthy Mr. Stanley. I think of Madame Villeroi with that affectionate Respect, which I always thought due to her, who supplied the Place of an indulgent Mother to me.

The Minds of our Preceptor and Mr. Harwood are congenial. The Attraction of Virtue will soon cement them in the Sentiments of Friendship. I leave my Friends at Harwood Hall with Regret: Their affectionate Behaviour to me, and the extreme Reluctance with which they think of our parting affects me exceedingly. Adieu, my Friend, I dare not trust my Pen any farther.

I am

I am just now told of the Wind being fair.—I rejoice to know you are to settle in England.—May all Happiness attend you, whatever be the Fate of

Your's sincerely,

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE!

LETTER XXXVI.

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON

TO

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

Zurich.

I Was become quite impatient to hear from you, when your welcome Packet reached my Hand. I have been too much distressed for many Days to write even to you.

You may remember, Bruce, that I have

often mentioned Monsieur B—— to you, as being my intimate Friend.—He possessed many good Qualities: He was a professed Enemy to Innovations, and his Objections were founded on the Love of his King and Country, and a Regard for his fellow Mortals. He too well foresaw the dreadful Consequences which Faction has since introduced, and yet I could not persuade him to quit France with me: Relying on the Rectitude of his Heart, he remained in that City with Monsters, whose murdering Hands have torn that honest Heart from his bleeding Bosom! The Description of his lamented Fate is too dreadful for me to write! I tremble with Horror—I shudder at so much Impiety in human Nature. May all succeeding Posterity be warned! and let any human Being beware how he sows the Seeds of Sedition.

Before I could write to you I was obliged to indulge a Sorrow which this melancholy

choly Event has occasioned. For this Purpose I have shunned all Company—I have wandered by Moonlight, and given way to Reflection. I am just returned from my nocturnal Ramble, and must own, that I was never before so deeply impressed with the magnificent Scenery of Nature. The Moon had arisen in full Splendour, and I took my Seat at the Foot of a Mountain. The mild Lustre of that awful and beautiful Planet gilded the Tops of the Hills, while its Beams brightened the clear Expanse of the Lake, and glittered on the Spires of the different Buildings.

A Scene like this to a contemplative Mind becomes instructive; for ought we to receive Benefits and forget the Donor? or can we behold the Effects of Power and Wisdom without entertaining awful and thankful Reflections? The sublime and pleasing Scene brought to my Recollection the admired Night-piece in Pope's
Homer,

Homer, which in Mr. Stanley's Opinion gives additional Beauty to the Original: To save you the Trouble of going to your Shelves, I will give you the following Quotation.

- "As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 "O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred
 "light,
 "When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 "And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 "Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 "And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
 "O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 "And tip with silver every mountain's head:
 "Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospects rise,
 "A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
 "The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
 "Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

Pope's Homer. Book 8th.

To the above harmonious Poet I often have Recourse to sooth a Mind ruffled and disturbed: Nor is Mr. Pope the only British Author to whom I am under Obligations—Addison, Thomson, and a Num-

ber

ber of other Gentlemen, whose Pens have been serviceable to the Cause of Virtue and good Sense, have often stolen me from the Remembrance of my Cares, and conveyed Instruction to my Mind.

I see plainly that Sophia Campbell has discovered your Thoughts, and though I cannot take upon me to speak with Certainty, yet I think she is not insensible to your Merit: If my Conjectures be right, I ought to pity her exceedingly. I cannot blame her Brother, nor do I think you can, for it would reflect Dishonour on his Family, were he to persuade you to break your Engagement. Though I shall not attempt to celebrate Miss M——'s Escape in Verse, yet I must own I rejoice at her Deliverance, as I trust your Engagement may be broken without the Lady's breaking her Neck. Archy behaved like a British Seaman on the Occasion. Captain M——'s Remarks on the Necessity of Order is very just: To the Difference
of

of Rank and Station, to the Influence of Protection and Patronage do the Arts and Sciences owe their Rise and Perfection.—

It comes not within the Scheme of Providence to establish an Equality. The different Orders of Mankind in well-regulated Governments are

“Not Chaos-like together crush’d and bruis’d,

“But as the world harmoniously confus’d:

“Where order in variety we see,

“And where, tho’ all things differ, all agree.”

Pope’s Windsor Forest.

You will some Day perhaps have an Opportunity of introducing me to your William Campbell. I have a very good Opinion of that Gentleman. Mr. Stanley is exerting himself to accelerate our Journey to England. Eugene requests me to accompany him to Soleurse, so, Sandy, must leave you.

IN CONTINUATION.

What are your Vexations to mine!—

Sophia

Sophia is averse from your Rival, and perhaps entertains a Regard for you; while Adelaide treats me indeed with Affection, because I am her distant Relation; but I am now too certain that Margrove is the favoured Youth. Villeroi has given me every Reason to imagine all this from a Conversation I have just had with him.

“De Biron,” said he, “I esteem you
 “as my Brother, and love you as my
 “Friend, and as I consider you as Part
 “of our own Family, I can repose safely
 “on your Confidence, when any Thing
 “disturbs me; and require your Advice,
 “when I find myself at any Loss. You
 “have often heard me mention my Friend
 “Margrove: You know with how much
 “Regret Adelaide speaks of his Misfor-
 “tunes. He is the Lover of a Sister of
 “mine, and though I cannot positively
 “determine who it is, yet I think Ade-
 “laide to be the Person. She is pensive
 “and sighs often; perhaps she loves my
 “Friend.

“ Friend. Advise me, De Biron, shall I
 “ behold the apparent Dejection of my
 “ Sister, and remain silent; or acquaint
 “ Mr. Stanley with my Thoughts on the
 “ Subject?” We were walking in the
 Garden, and I had just Time to say, “ by
 “ no means, Sir, unless your Friend desire
 “ your Interference,” when Henry D——
 came up to us, and gave me an Opportunity
 to hide my Vexation by leaving them and
 returning to the House. Madame V——
 remarked my not looking well; Adelaide
 with Pity in her lovely Face, enquired if
 any new Accounts from France had dis-
 composed my Mind. She is all Gentle-
 ness; she can pity your Friend without
 giving Offence to the happy Margrove.

Pardon me, Bruce, when I said, what
 are your Vexations to mine? Do not
 imagine I wished Sophia to favour your
 Rival; rather would I contribute to your
 Happiness if I knew how. I promised
 you Advice; but alas! how unfit is a
 Mind

Mind so full of Perturbations to point out to his Friend what is either right or proper. Since my Conversation with Villeroi I am more disturbed than ever.— Henry D—— having followed my Advice has written to his Father, who returned him for Answer, that his ruined Fortune could not recommend him to Mademoiselle Villeroi; he also signified the same Objection to Mr. Stanley, and that Gentleman, with a Generosity peculiar to him, has written to Monsieur D——. I procured a Copy of his Letter from Eugene, which I will transcribe merely for the Purpose of bringing you still more acquainted with the Character of the Gentleman, under whose Protection we are about to emigrate to England.

LETTER XXXVII.

THE REVEREND MR. STANLEY

MONSIEUR D——

Zurich.

I Sincerely lament the Necessity which obliges you to remain in a City, or even to tread on a Land polluted with Crimes, and continually stained with Murders.— I am happy in having it in my Power to render you any Service. The two Gentlemen with me did well to emigrate.— Their Virtues would have been a sufficient Reason for their Destruction in a City where Vice reigns predominant.

Monsieur De Biron is related to Madame Villeroi, who for many Reasons has adopted him as a Son. His Friend Henry D—— having declared to me his good Opinion of Matilda Villeroi, I have consulted her Mother, who gives her intire Approbation,

Approbation, and we have no Reason to expect any Obstacle on the Part of the young Lady. It therefore only remains for me to answer your Objection: And can you suppose, that we are so mercenary, as to suffer ourselves to reject your amiable Son, merely on account of his Misfortunes? No, Sir, with me it does not weigh a Feather. I only value the Gifts of Fortune, as they give me an Opportunity of contributing to my Friend's Happiness. Therefore when I have your full Consent I shall, considering how Monsieur D—— is situated, wave all other Forms, and give him a legal Right to the Protection of our Family. I will cheerfully present the Hand of my Ward to a Gentleman, whose Virtues are of more Value in my Estimation, than all the Riches of the East when accompanied by Vice. In these Sentiments Madame Villeroi perfectly agrees with

Your's affectionately,

FREDERIC STANLEY.

The following is the Answer from Mr. D——.

LETTER XXXVIII.

HENRY D——

TO THE

REV. MR. STANLEY.

Paris.

YOUR Generosity exalts your Character, and is so much beyond our Expectations, that we cannot find Words to express our Gratitude. Madame D—— is quite overjoyed that our Henry is your's. With you he will obtain a safe and honourable Asylum. Matilda shall be dear to us, and we will continually pray for the Welfare of our Children. The Post is going out, besides I will not disturb the Gleam of Joy which is now broken in upon my Mind by telling you of the horrible Transactions in this City. That Happiness may attend you is the Wish of

Your ever obliged

HENRY D——.

So,

So, Bruce, Henry has the happiest Prospects before him. I share in his Parents' Joy; yet I seek Solitude to indulge the Thoughts of my own Disappointments.— The inclosed Verses were dictated by my Heart. The Productions of my Pen were always sure of a favourable Reception from my partial Friend.

Write immediately; for we shall leave Zurich as soon as possible. Tell your Uncle I shall rejoice to thank him in Person for the Favours bestowed on

Your

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

X 3

On

On the FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Near where the Seine rolls her translucent flood,
 The Genius of the Gallic nation stood
 Dismay'd, oppress'd with agonizing care,
 A prey to sorrow, and to black despair.
 "O thou, he cried, ill-fated, wretched Gaul,
 "Thy crimes, thy murders hasten on thy fall.
 "Yon city groans beneath dire faction's reign;
 "Ruin appears with horror in her train.
 "Fierce as fell tigers in Numidia's wood,
 "The sons of faction thirst for human blood.
 "In vain the priest before the altar stands,
 "Imploring mercy with uplifted hands;
 "Guiltless he falls a victim on the floor,
 "His sacred head distain'd with clotted gore.
 "O Pity! see the savage hands prepare
 "To snatch the life of the defenceless fair:"
 Pity in grief withdrew her streaming eyes
 From the dread scene, and sought her native skies.
 As when th' inflated North tempestuous raves,
 And on the shore successive roll the waves,
 Furious they break, and from the rocks rebound,
 And hoarse and loud is the portentous sound:
 So Gallia's monarch the mad tumult hears,
 So the dire rage comes thund'ring to his ears.
 He meets the shock of his insulting foes,
 While his heart shudders at impending woes.

Th' af-

Th' afflicted Genius sigh'd, and falling tears
 Bedew'd his cheek :— When lo ! a form appears,
 Noble her looks, majestic was her mien,
 Her voice was music, and her smile serene :
 Graceful she stood, and thus began to say :
 " From yonder Island have I wing'd my way,
 " To you a stranger ; LIBERTY my name.
 " Your sons of faction violate my fame.
 " Must I be blam'd for all their frantic schemes ?
 " Their novel systems, more like idle dreams ?
 " Do I inspire the base licentious bands ?
 " Do I direct their sacrilegious hands ?
 " No—I disclaim their murders and their crimes,
 " A scourge to this, a blot to future times.
 " I to fair order ever was a friend,
 " For LIBERTY must with fair order end.
 " BRITANNIA'S Island claims me for her own,
 " 'Tis there alone my influence is known.
 " Farewell— I hasten to my native plain ;
 " Forbear, nor prostitute my name again."
 She spake—and then on sounding pinions flew,
 And bade the Gallic shore a long adieu.

LET.

LETTER XXXIX.

ALEXANDER BRUCE

TO

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

Captain M—— is so elated with the Thoughts of seeing and receiving you in the Character of Mr. Biron, and as an English Gentleman of sound and loyal Principles, that he desires me to tell you, that the Loss of your French Fortune must not discompose your Mind; for you are to share in the Captures my Uncle's Courage and good Fortune obtained from the Enemies of his Country.

Your Verses met a very favourable Reception. The Captain thinks you have done Justice to the Person and Character of Liberty, and that she has spoken strict Truth, and he thinks you may challenge the whole National Convention to deny her Assertions.

The

The unmerited Fate of your Friend Monsieur B—— affects me exceedingly. I should be happy to see Monsieur N——; I trust he has escaped from the Hands of the cowardly Assassins whose Proceedings you have described in your Verses.

My Aunt hopes the Ladies will visit her, and expects you will all regain Cheerfulness in this Land of Liberty, and then the Banks of the Clyde may afford Entertainment. I would forbear to mention Margrove to you, and yet I cannot help saying, Adolphus, why did you prevent Villeroi from knowing his Sister's Sentiments relative to this Gentleman? I have much Curiosity to know his Story; perhaps you will see him in England, and then you will know, whether I am to look out for the solitary Abode you are to make Choice of for your Retirement. I shall have no Objection to share your Solitude, as often as possible, when I have broken with Miss Mac Intosh.

I have

I have taken your Advice in making Mr. Sinclair my Confidante. He was much surpris'd, and fears my Uncle will storm, as he cannot bear the Reflection of having forfeited his Word; however he thinks I ought to consult my Heart in a Matter wherein my Peace is so much concerned, and has assured me of his Assistance and Advice. Mr. Rivers still continues to visit at Mr. Campbell's. I have endeavour'd to convince my Friend William of my honourable Intentions by forbearing to go near their House. He has called on me, but seem'd willing to wave the Subject; he only hinted that Sophia avoid'd seeing Mr. Rivers as often as she could, which you may suppose was no unpleasing Intelligence to me. Write immediately on your Arrival in England, and use as much Dispatch as your Business will allow, to hasten to

Your sincerely affectionate

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

LET-

LETTER XL.

MATILDA

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

Zurich.

MY Mother having received your Letter, and also one from Madame Altorf, has at length with much Reluctance granted you Leave to stay with your Friend until Monsieur Altorf's return Home; for which Reason we shall set out sooner than we expected, as Eugene can settle the Remainder of our Business, when he comes to Switzerland to conduct you to England.

You know, my dear Antoinette, that I have often freely confessed to you my Regard for Monsieur D——. That Gentleman who has long entertained a favourable Opinion of your Matilda, declared his Attachment to my Mother and Mr. Stanley.

ley. He received their Sanction to write to his Father. Monsieur D—— in Return mentioned the ruined State of his Fortune as a Reason for declining the Alliance. Mr. Stanley with his usual Generosity obviated this Objection, and has obtained full Consent. My Guardian insists on my giving my Hand to Henry before we leave Zurich. I have remonstrated in vain to Mr. Stanley, and have requested my Mother to delay our Union 'till we come to England. My Reasons are that Adelaide appears unhappy, and you do not by your Letters seem in good Spirits: I could therefore wish to see my Sister more happy, before I become the Wife of Henry D——. However, my Mother and Mr. Stanley having represented to me, that they can afford their Protection to Henry with more Propriety when he is related to the Family, I have been obliged to consent.

Adolphus de Biron appears quite dejected:

jected: I have often imputed the Gloom which overspreads his Countenance to his Anxiety and Solitude on Account of the Disasters of his Country. I now fancy he indulges some latent Vexations independent of the abhorred French Revolution.

Eugene is apprehensive for his Friend Margrave.—I do not wonder at the Concern you express on his Account. May he return in Safety!

You are expected here. My Brother with De Biron are just going to Berne.—When you come I shall soon resign the Name of Villeroi; yet my affectionate Regard for my dear Antoinette will ever remain unchanged—and I trust you will always retain the same Sentiments for

Your truly affectionate

MATILDA VILLEROI.

LETTER XLI.

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON

TO

ALEXANDER BRUCE,

London.

THE Marriage of my Friend Monsieur D—— and the amiable Matilda Villeroi having been agreed to by all the Parties, Mr. Stanley performed the Ceremony of their Nuptials, and takes upon himself every Thing relative to Settlements, &c.

Soon after I conducted back Antoinette to Berne; and then began to think of England. Our Journey both by Land and Sea proved agreeable. When we drew near the white Cliffs, Mr. Stanley was affected beyond Expression: On landing he kissed the Earth, and turning to us, he said; "Welcome, my dear Friends, to this Land of Liberty. Eugene," said he, "it was here your brave Father
"found

"found an Asylum, and it was in this
 "Country your Mother began to breathe:
 "It is now your Home, and I trust you
 "will always prove yourself a loyal Sub-
 "ject to the King and a zealous Defender
 "of the Constitution. I welcome you,
 "De Biron, and our Henry to this safe
 "and secure Asylum."

We are safely arrived at London, where
 Business will detain me for some Time.—
 The Ladies, when they are recovered
 from their Fatigue, will set out for Mr.
 Stanley's Seat in the North.

I have ventured to enquire of Villeroi
 whether he expects to see his Friend Mar-
 grove: He answered me with a Sigh that
 he was gone to Quebec. I recollected
 your Advice, and having resumed the
 Subject, I persuaded Villeroi to speak to
 his Sister, and endeavour to know her
 Sentiments with Regard to his Friend
 M——. He is determined to take my

Advice which may perhaps render me wretched. Write to me immediately.— I am apprehensive you will forfeit your Uncle's Esteem.

I have met several of my Parisian Acquaintances in London; they are like Sailors who have not only escaped from a Storm, but are also delivered from the villainous Pursuit of Pirates, whose whole Thoughts are bent on Rapine and Murder.

I have, since I came to England, seen the King and Royal Family. I had seen his Majesty before, but I now beheld him with a most affectionate Reverence as considering myself intirely his loyal Subject.

I trust that I shall soon have the Happiness of telling your Uncle, I have now every Claim to his Regard, being in the full Sense of the Word a loyal British Subject.

May

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON. 245

May your good Friend Mr. Sinclair interpose his good Offices to preserve for you the worthy Man's Esteem.

I remain your affectionate Friend

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LETTER XLII.

MADAME D ———

TO

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

MR. Stanley having already written to you from London an Account of our Journey, &c. a Repetition from me would be superfluous. I like London exceedingly, and would willingly have prolonged our Stay, but Mr. Stanley seemed desirous of going to his House in the North of England. My Mother, however, thought proper to stay some Time in order

to make Enquiries for her Cousin Willmore, of whom, you know, she often used to speak. Our Enquiries have proved fruitless. I was quite out of Humour on being obliged to leave the gay City, for I expected to be conveyed to some dreary Abode situated in the midst of a wild and uncultivated Part of the Country. Judge my Surprise when we came to a House elegantly fitted up, with Gardens and pleasure Ground laid out with Taste and Judgement. You would be quite delighted with these beautiful Plantations.

"There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,

"Thin trees arise that show each others shades.

"Here in full light the russet plains extend:

"There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend."

Pope.

Mr. Stanley enjoyed our Surprise, and gave us to know that Sir Charles Morton, with whom he had been many Years acquainted, had kindly taken upon himself all which concerned our Guardian in England,

England. To this Gentleman and his amiable Lady we have been introduced.— Lady Morton expressed much Satisfaction on renewing her Acquaintance with Madame Villeroi. Another of Mr. Stanley's Friends and near Neighbours is a Mr. Henley, whose Daughter I am very much pleased with. Maria Henley walks with me very often, and sometimes we take an Airing either in the Chariot or on Horseback. In these Excursions Miss Henley often gives me some Account of the different Seats and their Inhabitants. One Gentleman in particular excites my Curiosity on Account of the reclusive Manner in which he lives. He has resided for a long Time in the Neighbourhood, without any Person's knowing any Thing more of him, than that his Name is Newlyn.— His Fortune is thought considerable.— His Servants, one only excepted, are Strangers to their Master's Reasons for living in such deep Retirement. This Servant is his Valet, who transacts all the Business

Business of the Family, and observes great Caution in answering the Interrogations of the Inquisitive. I have seen Mr. Newlyn in our morning Rides; he appears about the middle Age, of a very genteel Appearance, with a Face strongly marked with the Lines of thinking; I own I found myself very much interested in this Gentleman's Misfortunes; for I suppose some great Disappointment must have made him relinquish Society. The neighbouring Gentlemen have long given up their Endeavours to make him change his solitary Way of Life.

I often talk with Henry on the Subject, and as he sometimes takes long Walks with me, I have declared, that should we meet Mr. Newlyn, I will be quite the French-woman, and endeavour to draw him into a little Conversation.

Eugene is just returned from Harwood Hall, but to his great Disappointment
Mr.

Mr. Harwood has not received any Intelligence from Margrove. Eugene is quite charmed with the Harwoods, and has given such a Description to Mr. Stanley that he is desirous of their Acquaintance.— Adolphus is just come from London.— I think he will never regain his Chearfulness. I have just now from the Window seen him in the Garden in deep Discourse with my Brother. My Henry is much disturbed at seeing his Friend's Dejection. He has taken it into his Head, that Adolphus is in Love with Adelaide. I wish you were with us. Serious as you are, yet you were always chearful. And I am now so much accustomed to see gloomy Faces, and hear Sighs, that I have caught the Infection. My poor Henry is distressed on Account of the Situation of his distracted Country, and trembles for the Fate of his Parents. I wish they could get away, and come to England. How happy would their Presence make

Your affectionate

MATILDA D———!

LETTER XLIII.

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI

TO

MADAME D—

Bernè.

WITH heart-felt Pleasure I enjoyed the pleasing Account of my dear Friends safe Arrival in England. I almost repent the rash Promise I have made Madame Altorf of staying with her till her Husband return; yet knowing the Sincerity of her Friendship I could not refuse.

Poor Margrove! no Account from him. Ah! why did he take such a long and dangerous Voyage? Do not forget to give me the earliest Intelligence, should Eugene get a Letter from his Friend. I do not blame you for your Curiosity relative to Mr. Newlyn, and I think a little French Finesse might be of Service, especially if
the

the Gentleman labour under the Sense of past Sorrows. So, Matilda, I give you Leave to be quite the French-woman, should Chance throw Mr. Newlyn in your Way. Pray do not forget to tell me all you can learn of his Story.

I wish that the unhappy Revolution in France may not interrupt the Peace of the brave and honest Swiss; but I very much fear their Tranquillity will be disturbed, if the ferocious Republicans continue their mad Career. I have written to my Mother and to Adelaide. Ah! that I knew the Reason of her frequent Sighs! I believe I echo them back though at this Distance, for I am indeed far from being chearful. How much our honoured Guardian studies our Welfare! and in what a generous Manner does he confer Favours! Much do I wish to wander through the Walks you have described: With what pleasing Sentiments of Gratitude should I behold every Object!

I am

I am glad you have such an agreeable Neighbourhood. You will present my Compliments to Lady Morton and Miss Henley. I hope soon to be of the Party. Adolphus is, I suppose, impatient to see his Scotch Friends, of whom I have heard him speak with so much Affection.

I wish it were possible you could prevail on Henry's Parents to endeavour to cross the Channel. Indeed one shudders at the News daily coming from Paris, and who can forbear to tremble for their Friends Safety? However, beg Henry to keep up his Spirits, and hope for the best.

I need not repeat how dear your Happiness is to

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.